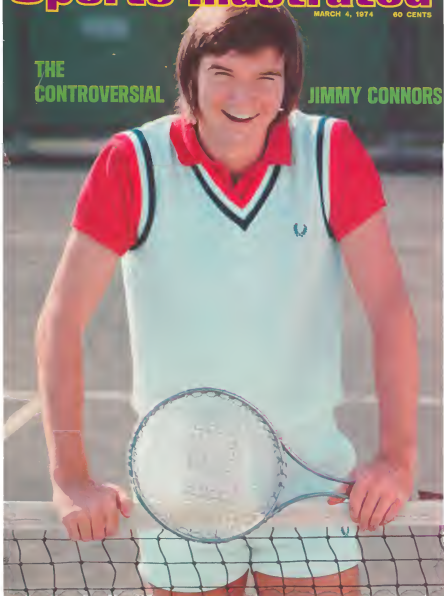


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 4, 1974 60 CENTS

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Personal Luxury in a Smaller Car

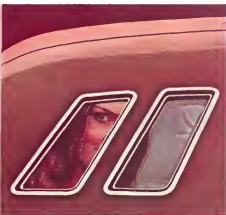
Look close. Elite's unique twin opera windows are only the beginning of Thunderbird inspired personal luxury. There's gracious living room inside Elite with 13 oz. cut-pile carpeting and elegantly contoured bench seats. And Elite's instrument panel is carefully designed with traditional Thunderbird attention to detail.

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And in the Thunderbird tradition of value, this personal luxury car gives you an unexpected array of luxury features as standard equipment.

Elite. America's youngest luxury car.



FORD GRAN TORINO ELITE

FORD DIVISION



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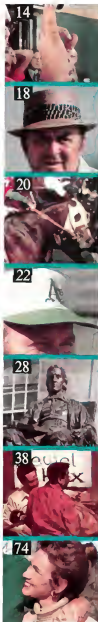
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Next week

SUPERSTARS are among us again: pro heroes from various sports compete for \$144,000 in prizes and to determine, sort of, who's the king of the ball. Curry Kirkpatrick watches.

NO. 1 SCORER in the WHA is Gordie Howe, at 45 well past the hanging 'em up age. Mack Mulvey views and interviews hockey's ancient warrior and tells just how Howe does it.

WALTER ALSTON begins his 21st consecutive season with the Dodgers. How good a manager is he? The views of men who played and coached for him are weighed by Pat Jordan.

"I tried it and it's true."

Barry Ryan
Miami, Florida



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hours a week. And at most schools that's the only time you have to wear a uniform.

And tell them no matter what you decide, you'll have background in practical leadership that will give you a better chance at almost any career.

Tell them that maybe they ought to take a look at it themselves.

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Now there's one pair of sunglasses for all kinds of light.

Spectra-Shades from Foster Grant.

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRUICKSHANK

HAMMERING AT HENRY

In agreeing to sit out the first three games of the season in Cincinnati so that the home fans in Atlanta might personally see him tie and/or break Babe Ruth's career home-run record of 714, Henry Aaron gets points for candor, but certainly not for logic. "What the heck, you have to look at it from the financial standpoint of the Braves," their star outfielder said last week and added, "... let's be realistic, we're not going to challenge for the Western Division title."

All right, let's be realistic. If the object is to sell seats in Atlanta Stadium, something Brave Chairman Bill Bartholomew has not been very successful at in recent years, then it is to everybody's advantage that Aaron does not hit a homer in the first game he plays there, nor in the succeeding ones. With a bum start, Aaron could fill the place for days, or until everybody got so bored with waiting they turned to spring football practice at Georgia Tech.

Not using your best—and nobody in the Braves' organization is claiming that after 20 brilliant years Aaron is now a bench sitter—is hardly better than shoving points. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn exacerbates the Cincinnati-Aaron-Atlanta situation when he intimates he is powerless to act, that it is not for him to tell a team what players' names to write on the lineup card. Ordinarily he would be right, but this is no ordinary circumstance. If, finally, only quick dollars and cents count, they are illusory. Aaron may sell out the stadium once or twice, but after that only a team with a chance to win the division title is going to keep the crowds coming. To build a better house, you use your hammer. Starting with the first nail.

NO TIME FOR STITCHES

Striking, for gentler readers who may not have heard, is the latest campus craze. The beauty of the sport, which is played by boys and girls, is that it does not require shoulder pads or mono-

grammed sweaters or field-hockey sticks. At any old hour of the day students by the horde erupt from their dormitories and go dashing around the campus for half a mile or so until exhaustion or the cops overtake them. At the moment Western Carolina U. of Cullowhee, N.C. is claiming the championship on the basis of 141 streakers: 113 men and 28 women. But raw data are hard to come by and as the weather ameliorates the figures are bound to increase. The naked truth is, streakers do their thing bare.

POLLY WANT A TEQUILA?

The U.S. Department of Agriculture can get sticky when it comes to importing parrots, which are notorious disease carriers. But where there's a dollar there's a way, or at least so thought some smarties. Recently U.S. Customs men searching a car at Laredo on the Mexican border discovered a secret compartment in the firewall. It was filled with socks and each sock contained a parrot too drowsy to talk. The birds had been fed corn drenched in tequila to keep them from chattering till they got across the border. After testing the parrots for psittacosis, the department might ask Alcoholics Anonymous what to do next.

FITS AND STARTS

False starts are the bane of track meets. This year, promoters of the Texas, Kansas and Kentucky relays are going to do something about them, but if there ever was a case of the cure being worse than the disease, this seems to be it.

Beginning with the Texas Relays in mid-April, only one false start will be permitted in each race, including preliminaries and finals. The very next racer to jump will be disqualified, even if he was not responsible for the first bad start.

Fine, except consider the good starter out to get an edge on the field, presumably made up of more nervous types. He jumps the gun purposefully. Then at the next crack of the gun he is off to his usual smooth start while the others are sit-

ting on their heels, terrified of being summarily dismissed. Gentlemen, restart your engines.

DRY WELL

For 19 years some oil-rich citizens of Natchez, Miss. have put on the Confederate Oil Tournament at a local golf course. Only people who work in or with the oil-drilling and exploration industry were invited. Well, it had to be called off this year. Energy crisis, and high water on the Mississippi.

HOLY MOSES!

The following letter by one F. Morton of Chessington, England appeared in the *Scottish Sunday Express*:

"On a golfing holiday I drove off the 16th tee at Carnoustie.

"Then to my and my two golfing friends' horror a clump of bushes and trees burst into flames. It must have been a spontaneous fire due to hot weather.

"What did we do? We played on.
"Unfortunately, it was too hot to take our putts from the right of the green and we were forced to move the balls the same



distance from the hole to the green's left.

"We carefully sank the putts while a groundsman tackled the blaze and a fire engine's siren sounded in the distance.

"I managed to get my par 3. But I could find nothing in my rule book about an unplayable ball due to fire hazard."

Try the Bible, Mr. Morton.

continued

WHEN YOU CONSIDER WHAT A FIAT 128 COMES WITH, YOU PROBABLY WON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT GOES FOR.

This year, more Americans than ever will be going out and buying small cars. Many will be disappointed.

Mainly because most people, while accepting the idea of a small car, still don't want to give up the comfort and performance of a big car.

We suggest these people take a look at a Fiat 128.

The Fiat 128 has more legroom inside than an Eldorado, yet it's smaller outside than a Volkswagen Super Beetle.

And you'll not only feel more comfortable sitting in it, but you'll feel more comfortable driving it, as well.

It has a longer wheel base than Toyota and Datsun and the Fiat's radial tires are standard (they usually run about \$100 extra).

The 128 has all-independent suspension. And the same rack-and-pinion steering found in cars like Ferraris and Porsches.

The 128 has an overhead cam engine for quick acceleration yet it gets about 32 miles to a gallon, a statistic that speaks for itself with today's driving conditions. And it has self-adjusting, power-assisted front-disc brakes for quick, sure stops.

And if you live in a place where the winters are bad, you won't believe how the Fiat's front-wheel drive gets you through ice and snow.

The Fiat 128 comes in 2 door, 4-door, station wagon, and sport coupe models.

What exactly does each of these Fiats go for?

Why not see for yourself when you test drive a 128 at your local Fiat showroom.

After all, if we tell you everything now, we won't have anything left to tell you when you get there.



FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

REVOLVING DOOR

If you're a bit confused by professional hockey, which has peace one week and war the next, Flames in one league and Blazers in the other, Hull here and Howe there and Sanderson everywhere, try the Vancouver Canucks on for size. The Canucks are presently being offered for sale by Tom Scallen, who is busy appealing a four-year prison sentence for issuing a false prospectus and diverting \$3 million from the club. But never mind Scallen. Begin with Bud Poile, who was hired as general manager after being fired by the Philadelphia Flyers. Poile hired Hal Laycoe as coach, possibly because Laycoe had been fired as coach by the Los Angeles Kings. In time, Poile fired Laycoe, too, but kept him on the payroll as vice-president in charge of player development. Bill McCreary became coach.

Poile became ill, and Laycoe moved in as temporary general manager. Coley Hall took over as executive head of the club in Owner Scallen's place. Hall made Laycoe permanent general manager. Poile got better, came back to work and was made an assistant to Laycoe, the man he had fired. Larry Regan, who had fired Laycoe from the Kings, quit as Los Angeles general manager and joined Vancouver as a special-assignment scout. Hall relieved McCreary as coach and made him a special-assignment scout. Hall made Phil Maloney the new coach. Poile resigned because he did not like being Laycoe's assistant. Hall eased Laycoe out by giving him a leave of absence, fired McCreary outright and made Maloney general manager as well as coach.

If you're interested, Vancouver is still in last place.

SITUATION NORMAL

The late English novelist Evelyn Waugh described a track meet in *Decline and Fall* that began with a runner being shot in the foot by the starter. Gangrene set in.

Last week in New York, Lord Killanin, president of the International Olympic Committee, viewed the AAU national indoor championships, and what he saw must have enhanced his regard for English literature, if not for U.S. efficiency. Several of the country's longest long jumpers complained of gravel in the Port-A-Pit. In fact, defending titlist and Olympic champion Randy Williams stumbled over a rock during his warmup and sprained his ankle. During the women's

640-yard relay, a truck, used to place the pole-vault standard, was parked so close to the track that it threatened to interfere with the women's baton exchanges. Then, during the women's sprint medley, a vaulter knocked a crossbar onto the track just in time to trip Carmen Brown, a runner from the Atoms Track Club, which was leading.

To round things out, as another vaulter attempted 17 feet, the starter of a men's relay fired his pistol a few feet away, sending the athlete slithering down his pole. Waugh would have loved it. Lord Killanin had no comment, but more meets like this and he should come out four-square for professionalism.

MCKAY TALKING

Once a year Walter Byers and his NCAA gather selected members of the press in some secluded spot for a three-day "media seminar" with association officials and a college football coach or two. The idea—to exchange viewpoints and to thrash out mutual problems—is commendable enough, but sometimes the sessions are as dreary as their title. Not this year, though. The guest coach at Colorado Springs was John McKay and he was at the top of his refreshing form, proving again that Penn State's Joe Paterno is not the game's only iconoclast.

Take scrimmaging. McKay is against it. "That's all we ever did when I was a player," he said. "I would have been an All-America for two straight years, but I was too tired." Some people thought he was crazy when he refused to scrimmage the College All-Stars before their game last July with the Miami Dolphins, McKay said, "but the Dolphins admitted that they had never been hit so hard by a bunch of volleyball players."

McKay also would not mind doing away with spring football practice. "The freshman rule proves you don't need spring training. We had freshmen starting for us and so did Notre Dame, Ohio State, Oklahoma and Alabama, and it didn't seem to hurt any of those kids."

During the season, McKay said, his Southern California teams never practice more than five hours a week, nor do they have night meetings. They're for coaches "so they can smoke cigars and brag how good they were in college."

Finally, McKay revealed himself as out of sympathy with the majority of coaches who are moaning over the NCAA regulation limiting recruits to 40

a year. His view: "Numbers don't win anything. Numbers get you beat and make you poor. We used to take 60 new players to get 25 athletes. Woody Hayes has gone to our present system of taking just quality people. I didn't see any fall-off by Ohio State on New Year's Day."

SOCKING IT TO 'EM

With luck they will never call it "soccer," as one team manager has suggested, but if last week's three-game series of indoor soccer matches between a Red Army squad and pros from the North American Soccer League is any sort of indicator, inside may be where the future of the game in the U.S. is.

Trying to discover how well fans would take to the great indoors, the league staged games in Toronto, Philadelphia and St. Louis, and drew crowds of 11,000, 14,000 and 12,000. The Russians took all three matches, but even so the spectators were enthusiastic and knew when to cheer and when to boo, doing plenty of both. Now the NASL is considering adding an indoor winter series next January to its 20-game regular schedule.

The game is played six men to a side on AstroTurf laid over a bare hockey rink. There are three 20-minute periods, unlimited substitutions and even a penalty box for rowdy players. What pleased the promoters most in the Russian series was the scoring. With many more shot attempts than in the al fresco version of the game, goalies were defending for their lives. The winning scores were 8-4, 6-3 and 11-4. Apparently the Russians found out something by the time they got to St. Louis.

Says Forward Stan Startzell of the NASL champion Philadelphia Atoms, "It's a different game indoors. There are fewer long passes or runs and fewer head balls, but you can't match what the crowd's excitement does to you."

THEY SAID IT

- Johnny Bench, on the NCAA's decision that a pro in one sport can be an amateur in another: "I'm going back to college to play basketball. John Wooden could use me."
- Jake La Motta: "I fought Sugar Ray Robinson so many times it's a wonder I didn't get diabetes."
- Walt Alston, asked if he had enjoyed a pleasant winter: "It's not the winters that bother me. It's the summers."

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE HOOSIER?

It is almost a relief to report that the Indiana University gymnastics team lost twice last week, proving that the school's athletes really are not invincible. In track the Hoosiers crushed Michigan State 88-42, but the really big splashes were made by the swimmers, who won their 100th straight dual meet, and by the basketball team, which all but nailed down the Big Ten title.

Despite the length of the swimmers' winning streak, basketball created the greater excitement. With the team's neat grooming and impeccable social grace, one might expect to find Strossand glowering on the sidelines and Redford dribbling in the backcourt. Coach Bobby Knight saw *Panow* three times, rummages over Chinese philosophy and instructs his players like a sea gull explaining how to live. The freshman center would rather discuss restaurants than cars or music, and the leading scorer is a pinball wizard.

If these eccentricities were not enough, the team itself has had more changes of identity than a gawky teen-ager. When Knight took over three years ago, the Hurrin' Hoosiers ran up and down the floor like kids playing tag. Knight put glue on their sneakers, as well as in their defense, and the team became the Hurrin' Hoosiers, producing a Big Ten title and a third-place NCAA finish last year. But midway through this season the dream of a national title was turning into a Nightmare as Indiana lost to Notre Dame, Oregon State and Michigan. Advised the coach "Feet, do your stuff."

Indiana fans had a choice as the swimmers continued to drown all rivals and the roundball bunch dribbled around the opposition

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Back sprinting again, the Hoosiers have all but clinched the Big Ten title by playing with the determination of mice on a treadmill. Their average margin of victory in their last seven games has been 22 points. Early last week they beat Illinois 101-83; on Saturday in Minneapolis, Minnesota became their 11th straight victim, losing 73-55. With only three games left, Indiana appeared on its way to the NCAA playoffs.

The brick and mortar of the team is Kent Benson, a 6'10" freshman from New Castle, Ind. who salivates at the aroma of a well-prepared smorgasbord. Recruited as the next Bill Walton, Benson's reason for picking Indiana was simple: he liked the way Knight made Sloppy Joes. The big fellow once astounded the home folks by eating 33 pieces of barbecued chicken, five dishes of cake and ice cream and 11 soft drinks—and walking away from the table.

Height runs in his family. His sister Kathy is 6'1" and plays on her high school girls' basketball team, and his brother Kim recently sprouted four inches in a month after a nose operation corrected an oxygen deficiency. Although

Kent seems to have stopped growing, Knight is determined not to let his head get any bigger.

Early this season the only resemblance Benson bore to Walton other than size was a shock of red hair. Benson did not make his first free throw until the 15th game. Not only didn't he start in the Big Ten opener against Michigan, he did not get to play. Knight once grabbed Benson by the scruff of the neck and shook him when he leaned from the team bus to yell at a friend. And when Benson went home for Christmas and reported back with the news that he had not touched a basketball for three whole days, Knight went berserk. "I don't think I've ever been madder in a gym in my life," recalls Knight. Benson was duly contrite. "Right then and there, that's when I really grew up," he says. In fact, he was so impressed that now he constantly carries two rubber balls, squeezing them to strengthen his hands.

Benson scored 18 points and had 15 rebounds against Minnesota, and in his last three games he has made 56 points, hitting on 25 of 36 field goal tries.

Forward Steve Green is another Hoosier hotshot, glowing under the heat of the team's swift style. He and his teammate in the other corner, Scott May, are hitting well over 50% of their shots, capitalizing on the team's propensity for

continued

By sea, John Kinsale strokes resolutely to a win in the 1,000-yard freestyle, while on land Kent Benson hugs a rebound to his chest.





Exhibiting action, basketball coach Knight, exuding confidence, swimming's Coachman

West Point for six years. A favorite quotation from George Patton hangs on his office wall, and he likes to read from *The Art of War*, written by Sun-tzu five centuries before Christ. Knight's memory is such that he can recite almost play by play each of his team's losses, not only from this season but from years ago. And he is so competitive that his team shrank from playing casual shooting games with him.

Knight's caustic tongue abrades many, but his friends enjoy his outspokenness. He usually eats lunch at a dowdy neighborhood diner run by a one-handed cook named Seattle. Last week a doctor friend showed up wearing a turtleneck sweater, a double-knot jacket, plaid cuffed slacks and wing-tip shoes. Said Knight dryly, "You've got three different styles on today, none of which happens to be current."

Even though his team is scoring more, Knight still puts his faith in defense. He ran onto the floor to reward Scott May with a pat on the hindquarters after a saving play against Michigan recently. And when his team crept close to the 100-point mark against Illinois a few weeks ago, he turned to his assistant, Dave Bliss, and said, "I hope we don't make it." When Indiana reached 100, it was the first time a Knight-coached team ever had scored that many. A few



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NANCY KULLGREY

HOOSIERS continue

"the truth"—what the players call an open 15-foot jump shot. Green and May showed Minnesota the truth all night long, scoring 36 points on combined 16-of-30 shooting.

Green's passion is playing the pinball machine at Rocky's, a campus hangout. "It relaxes your mind and it helps your quickness," he says. Benson slept in Green's fraternity-house room when he visited Indiana as a high school recruit. The accommodations were not impressive, just a couple of mattresses thrown onto the floor. Then a dozen sorority girls walked in the front door. "I had never seen them before," recalls Green, "but I told Kent, 'This happens all the time.'"

College basketball is filled with coaches who have shiny foreheads from dealing with players who playhead the temperament of poorly bred Doberman pinchers. One minute they're licking your hand, the next they're biting it. But Bobby Knight is one tough customer and his players learn to appreciate that. His men would wipe the sneer from a hard hat's face, and short hair and manners are as much a part of his team's demeanor as the pass and cut offense.

The coach holds no respect for people who play out their lives in comfort under a plastic bubble. He reveres Army heroes. He was, in fact, the coach at

days later the Hoosiers did it again.

Knight freely uses a group of nine players, running them in and out on whom and for reason, and he has employed nine different starting lineups. The team's third-leading scorer is John Luskowski, its sixth man. "We're all just a bunch of average high school ball-players who work together," says Laz. "He makes you give 100% and you even amaze yourself with what you can do." Indeed, in Indiana the basketball is going swimmingly.

AS PREDICTABLE AS A COWBOY MOVIE

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A certain touch of sporting suspense may be fine in its place, but with the swim team one might as well relax and enjoy the predestined slaughter. Everybody knew what would happen last Saturday when the University of Cincinnati arrived in Bloomington to face the Hoosiers. The hometown printer knew, long before the first stroke was swum, handsome souvenir programs were issued hailing Indiana's Centennial dual-meet victory. The baker knew: somewhere offstage waited a giant victory cake bearing 100 candles. Even Cincinnati Coach Roy Lagaly was never in doubt, when the ordeal was all over, he bit man-

fully into his slice of cake and allowed that he was honored to be a part of this historic day.

Victory No. 100 came about as easily as had most of the previous 99. Closing out their dual-meet season with a 12-0 record, the Hoosiers placed one-two in every event to roll up a perfect score of 102-11. So outmanned was Cincinnati that when Indiana senior John Kinsella made a stab at his own American record of 9:09.5 in the 1,000-yard freestyle, some of the Bearcat swimmers on the pool deck waved towels to cheer him on. Kinsella missed the record, but he won the event easily in 9:12.39, twice

lapping Cincinnati's Kevin McSweeney.

Unsupersatiable as all this was, the Hoosier swimmers still had reason to feel unappreciated. An enthusiastic SRO crowd of 1,500 lined Royer Pool for the 100th win, but the team ordinarily draws about half that many and attendance suffers in particular when home swim meets and basketball games overlap. Watching the fans file into the pool last week, backstroker Mike Stamm seemed almost relieved that Bobby Knight's basketball team was playing that night at Minnesota. "Otherwise," said Stamm, "people would walk out in the middle of our meet to go to the basketball game. It's discouraging. It's like when a theater audience walks out because it doesn't think the performance is very good."

The real problem, of course, is that Indiana's performances in swimming are too good. Besides being unbeaten in dual meets for eight years, the Hoosiers are favored to finish their season by winning their 14th Big Ten and seventh NCAA titles in a row. Their domination of college swimming, a huge annoyance to rivals, has become some thing of a bore to their own fans. "We are as predictable as the ending of an old cowboy movie," admits Tom Miller, the school's sports publicity man. "The good guys always come out on top."

One obvious solution is to lose a few, but that is definitely not the way of James E. (Doc) Counsilman, whose dual-meet record in 17 seasons as Indiana coach is now 162-6. Baldish, spectacled and wearing the outwardly placid air of a bemused friar, the 53-year-old Counsilman in fact boils with inner energy. His widely translated *Science of Swimming*, now in its 12th printing, makes him as much of a celebrity in London and Moscow as in Bloomington. He produces instructional swimming films, and he has helped develop coaching aids. The demands on his time are enormous. Shortly before the Cincinnati meet, a group of six French coaches arrived to follow Counsilman around for two weeks. When they learned he soon would be leaving to attend the Big Ten meet at Wisconsin, the Frenchmen were disappointed. "Do you have to go?" asked one of them.

Counsilman's chief lesson for those who yearn after his wisdom is deceptively simple. "We get good swimming teams at Indiana because we get good swimmers," he says. Indeed, his success at

landing Mark Spitz, Gary Hall and Kinsella in successive years remains one of the recruiting coups in any sport. Giving the impression of being embarrassed by these wet riches, he tended for a time to play down dual meets as "warmups" for the NCAA championships and he allowed swimmers to skip meets pretty much at will. This practice almost ended the win streak at a mere 52 when, in 1971, Spitz, Hall and several other stars did not make a trip to Ohio State. Indiana was disqualified in a relay and suddenly found itself in unaccustomed trouble. To the rescue came Kinsella, then a freshman. Kinsella is mainly a distance man but he upset a favored Ohio State rival in the 100 freestyle to demoralize the Buckeyes, who finally fell 66-53.

One team that Indiana has defeated more or less permanently is Michigan, a former swimming power that has suffered the awful frustration of finishing runner-up in all 13 of Indiana's Big Ten champion years. It was Michigan that handed Counsilman his last dual-meet loss, a 62-61 squeaker on Jan. 15, 1966, and a Wolverine team arrived in Bloomington a couple of years later all primed to beat him again. Counsilman enjoys a reputation as a shrewd operator in part because of the message he left posted on a blackboard that week reading, "Anybody who wants to swim against Michigan sign below." Whatever the message's effects on the Michigan swimmers who saw it, Indiana won in a rout.

To boost sagging attendance, Counsilman reversed himself recently by talking up the dual-meet streak. He even added a meet to the schedule last month so that his team could dramatically win No. 100 in the season's finale.

Partly because the sport's low budgets allow few tough intersectional meets, big win streaks are not uncommon in swimming, like Yale's record 201 straight dual wins from 1945 to 1964. Indiana has benefited from this situation. It has never, for example, been in a dual meet against perennial NCAA challenger Southern Cal, but Counsilman nevertheless boldly welcomes comparisons with UCLA's 88-game streak in basketball.

"There aren't as many big powers in swimming as in basketball," he says, "but you've got to remember that UCLA has good basketball players in its backyard. Our recruiting job is harder because Indiana is not a swimming state."

With the graduations the past two years of Spitz and Hall, Indiana seemed likely to succumb in this year's NCAAAs to Southern Cal. But the danger has been partly reduced by the timely development of sophomore Fred Tyler and freshman Jim Montgomery. The versatile Tyler, a red-haired Floridian, had a spectacular season in which he became the first swimmer ever to qualify for the NCAAAs in all eight dual-meet events. Montgomery, a brawny 6' 5" sprinter who won five gold medals in last year's world championships in Belgrade, cheerfully predicts that he will eventually break all of Mark Spitz's freestyle records. Then he adds, "But so will a lot of guys. I only hope I can be first."

Against Cincinnati, Tyler clocked the fastest time of the college season in the 200 individual medley (1:53.09), and Montgomery did the same in the 200 free (1:39.74). And then, such business disposed of, out came that big cake with 100 candles aglow—hadn't the meet itself been a piece of cake?—and the Indiana athletes celebrated on the pool deck. The party seemed to raise an unavoidable question: Has Indiana made a Big Red mockery of college swimming?

It was a question Counsilman answered in a What's-good-for-General-Motors declaration. Exultant that his team had, for once, filled Royer's stands, he said, "The trouble with swimming is that nobody hears much about it. By winning 100 in a row Indiana has drawn attention to the sport in general." **END**

After the last victory let them eat cake.



THAT OLD MAN RIVER OF GOLF

Like the Mississippi, 61-year-old Sam Snead keeps rolling along, and his play the last two weeks proves that he may actually be improving

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The pleasure of a buxom young golf tournament like last week's Jackie Gleason Invitational is in the company it makes. The tournament, which ushers in the Florida portion—Phase II—of the pro tour, burst through the ropes two years ago with the noble intention of throwing prize money around in record amounts, an idea Gleason had while getting smashed one day and night in Jamaica, and in no time its irresistible swank has made the game come true for . . . well, for the girl in the red terry-cloth halter and plaid vinyl clogs who found the forced silence around the 15th green on Friday excruciating. "Golf is like television with the sound off," she whispered hoarsely.

And for the round-eyed blonde in the straw hat and banana-colored shorts whose boyfriend pointed out the legendary Sam Snead, way up the 11th fairway, informed her that Mr. Snead is now 61 years old, and, yes, sure enough, that was his ball skipping past them toward the green. The girl was properly amazed. "You mean he put it way up to here in one scoop?" she said.

Discovering Sam Snead is nothing new, of course; galleries have been agog over him for generations. And since Snead himself has always been a sucker for the cash-attracts gambit, it was not surprising to see him striding after a share of Invitational's \$260,000 pot, the second largest on the U.S. tour.



Snead first won in 1934, the last time in 1965, but he thinks that one more is still possible

What is surprising is that Snead is not exactly acting the part of an old dog snuffing for leftovers. Slamming Sammy is up there snapping and slamming and, uh, scooping for the top money again. That treacherous little utensil that brings them all down eventually, the common putter, is no longer an alien in Sam's wondrous hands. He is putting with conviction, if not overwhelming confidence, and suddenly he is 31 again. Well, 41 again.

Snead did not win at Invitational. Leonard Thompson did, picking up \$52,000 for his first tour victory—while Snead finished 15th, fading slightly in the last two rounds when he was one over par. But until then he had put the fear of Sam in his younger, hairier adversaries, as he had the week before when he tied for second in the Los Angeles Open.

Victory was on the tip of his blade then, and he made a bold run for it at Invitational where he was only a stroke off the lead after 36.

Snead has won 84 tournaments in his career, more than anyone, but he has not won since the 1965 Greensboro Open when, at 52, he became the oldest player to win a regular tournament (not counting seniors events). At one point at Invitational, late in the third round when he was in a dogfight—and loving it—with a large group of leaders, the combined years of experience of five of the players ahead of him, Thompson, Kermit Zarley, Bud Allin, Roy Pace and Hale Irwin, were fewer than his 37 in the service of his sport. In the last two tournaments, the L.A. Open and Invitational, he has outshot Jack Nicklaus by 3 strokes, Larry Wadkins

by 5, Johnny Miller by 6 and the current heartthrob Ben Crenshaw by 19.

The classic shockproof, waterproof, 24-hour, self-winding Snead swing was still very much intact, as if its delicate mechanism were sealed in butter. There is none—not one—prettier on the tour, and though he has to get a little more belly out of the way to complete it there are many younger bellies more prominent than his. It is true that some of the slam is gone from Snead's game, too, but he has become what fellow pros call "sneaky long." "Just when you've been outitting him all day," says one, "and you think he's on the ropes, whom, he sends one past you 20 yards. It can shake you up."

The better news is that Snead's putting has regained the flush of youth. Or at least a more glowing twilight. Everyone knows from all the funny pictures that Snead years ago adopted the so-called croquet style of putting. He had begun to "get the yips" over short putts, and his scores soared. But before he could master the action the USGA—which couldn't stand the sight of it either—outlawed the croquet and any stroke that involved "straddling the line."

Did that stop Sam? Does a vegetarian eat pork chops? He simply repositioned his right leg on the same side of the ball as the left and dropped into a position somewhat reminiscent of a man teetering on a skateboard. "Sidesaddle," Sam called it. That way he could still look directly at the hole and could grip the club the way a surveyor might, carrying through the stroke with his right hand, "like pitching pennies," he says.

Humbling himself in that manner "would never bother Sam," says Jack Tuthill of the PGA. "Hogan wouldn't have done it. Most great stylists probably wouldn't, not if they thought it would make them look bad. But Sam's a competitor. If he can't do it one way, he'll find another." The name of the game, says Snead, "is to get the ball in the hole and pick up the check. That's all."

Last December, right after the Disney World Classic, Snead told Tuthill that he had reached a point of progress where he thought he was putting "well enough to win." Before, he had been more or less satisfied to play with a hope of winning (he compared it with the chances of winning the Irish Sweepstakes). "But now

he *thinks* he can win," says Tuthill. "That's the thing. So don't be surprised if he does."

In the second round at Inverrary he needed only 27 putts. One was a curling 25-footer for a birdie on the 18th, and the gallery—young and old ("I saw him play his first tournament," beamed one man)—exploded with appreciation, the sound striking the nearby tournament office with the impact of a mortar round. Sam said he hadn't had a better round of putting in years and that he had also "found something new"—that he could be even more effective if he gave his left hand more definition in the swing.

Snead began a rather slow fade in the third round. His putts were not so far off, but he missed three on the back side that were inside eight feet, and he kept achieving pars when birdies were needed. "I was too much on the defense," he said. "I'd been playing offense till then." He had said beforehand that the difference age had made was that he frequently got tired on the back nine; he was always a stronger finisher. But he added he was not tired now and wouldn't mind playing a few holes over again. Someone asked if it was all those young guys he was playing with that inspired him. "I inspire myself," Snead replied.

The stripped truth is that Sam Snead is a great athlete—not was, but is. At 61 he can still kick higher than the door, and there are clubhouse locker rooms around the country where the holes he put in the suspended ceilings have been left for posterity. "Sam Snead kicked that one out. Somebody bet him five bucks, and bam-o."

Stakes is the name of any game for Snead, but it is not true that he won't play for anything less than a \$100 sure thing. He has been known to accept \$2 Nassaus with total strangers ("I just ask 'em their handicaps and we go. I don't keep no books, you know what I mean?") and will give them his complete attention. In this light it is not hard for friends like Tuthill to fathom his longevity. He just loves to play, that's all. The Monday after a big tournament he is likely to be hanging around the clubhouse looking for a match. He will average as many as five or six rounds a week and says he once figured out that he went 13 years without missing a round of golf for more than two weeks at a time. He says if he didn't play so much his game "would shrivel up like a peach seed."

Unlike some of the well-spoken youngsters who assume the position that they go out only to "beat the course," Snead goes out to beat the guys. There is a definite man-to-man psychology in winning for Snead. Whether he still practices his once-famous gamesmanship is moot; it seems to depend on whom you talk to. On the 18th tee of the final round at Los Angeles he suddenly recalled for Dave Stockton that he had birdied these last two holes when he beat Hogan there in 1950. You are free to imagine the possible effect on Stockton's composure. (Boy. Two birdies. And he beat Hogan, too.) As it happened, Stockton still won the tournament.

It could have been only coincidental, also, when Snead stopped alongside tournament-leading Kermit Zarley on the practice tee at Inverrary and chirped, "There's old Moon Man [Zarley's nickname, given him by Bob Hope]. Let me look at old Moon and see why he's playing so well." (Imagine. Sam Snead is standing there, watching *my* swing. I wonder how it looks.)

Snead has been and remains a consistent and sometimes prickly breath of candor in a profession that breeds say-it-so-it-doesn't-sound-like-anything types. He is certainly not above zinging an opponent, or even an ally. "What's your handicap?" he will ask a pro-am partner. When told, he looks at his watch and says, "Well, I don't know if I've got that much time to play."

Most of Snead's adventures inevitably concern themselves with money ("you got to play for something, it's boring if you don't") and his ability to get most of yours and keep all of his. Close friends carry color pictures of Snead with his hand in their pockets. It is rather melancholy to recall, however, that Snead's heyday was at a time when rewards were skimpy. When he was the leading money winner in 1938 he made \$19,534. When he led in 1949 he made \$31,593 and in 1950 he topped the money list with \$35,758. The most he ever made was \$43,106 in 1968, his 32nd year on the tour. Last year he won \$38,685.

But already this year he has won \$18,100, so it is conceivable—even likely—that, at 61, in the bloom of veneration, he will break his own record for talking candy from the mouths of babes. If he says he can do it, who would doubt him? So, good for you, Sam, and take a couple scoops on us. **END**

THE COLTS ARE COMING UP EMPTY

The parlance of the backstretch describes the situation on the track, where a mob of undistinguished 3-year-olds is not likely to provide a worthy successor to the Secretariats and Riva Ridges of yesterday **by WHITNEY TOWER**

The road ahead to the 100th running of the Kentucky Derby in May looks like a mass of potholes, swamps and detours on the way to mediocrity. Nowhere is there a single 3-year-old with the credentials to inspire dreams in his owner of one classic victory, let alone victory in all three—Derby, Preakness and Belmont—to duplicate Secretariat's 1973 Triple Crown. As they say around the backstretch, this year racing has come up empty. So far, at least.

Last week's running of the Fountain of Youth, one of four stakes races that Florida's Gulfstream Park puts on for 3-year-olds as preludes to the Florida Derby on March 4, was a case in point. It was won by a 43-to-1 shot named Green Gambados. Nor were favorites able to win the three earlier stakes, which were also won by outsiders at the remarkably long odds of 73 to 1, 34 to 1 and 27 to 1. It seems to be a long-shot year.

Last season's 2-year-olds were only fair to middling, to put it mildly, and of that unimpressive lot just half of the top dozen have made a start in 1974. Maybe wisely. At Santa Anita, Century's Envoy, who won all five of his races as the West's leading 2-year-old, made his 1974 debut in the San Vicente and distinguished himself by finishing last in a sluggish field of eight.

Certainly the 100th Derby deserves better than this, and one must hope it will be forthcoming. If there are no Secretariats, or even Shams, around, perhaps the glamour will come from unceasing close competition. Surely, too, some of those who have looked feeble to date will show striking improvement in the weeks ahead. And perhaps those that are still in the barns will surprise when they finally get to the starting gate. It should be remembered that last year Secretariat did not begin racing until March 17.

One optimistic view is that if all the colts take turns whipping one another, all may be potential champions. That happened in 1957, with Gen. Duke, Bold Ruler, Gallant Man, Round Table and

Iron Liege. Which is why, during this winter of discontent, there is always the chance that even if a man's horse finishes ninth one week, he may be in the money the next and go on to a startling performance in Louisville.

"There's nothing I'd rather do than win my first Kentucky Derby," says Laffit Pincay, the country's leading jockey. "I'm shopping around for a Derby mount. I know that this is the time when one colt may jump up and start running like a real champion. I'll keep looking." Pincay's shopping tour took him last week from his regular beat at Santa Anita to Gulfstream to ride Seth Hancock's Judger in the Fountain of Youth. "There are probably more good 3-year-olds in Florida than in California," said Pincay before the race, "and Judger may be one of the best. But I'll ride him today and again in the Florida Derby before I make a definite commitment."

Pincay's evaluation of Judger, a bay son of Damascus, may be on target. Running in a crowded field of 15 as part of a two-horse odds-on entry with Cannonnade, Judger broke last and remained there for what seemed an eternity before uncorking his run at the half-mile pole. When Pincay let the throttle out, Judger responded like a rocket, passed 13 of his rivals as he dashed along the outside and missed overhauling Green Gambados by only three-quarters of a length. Two more strides in the mile-and-a-sixteenth race and Judger would have taken it all. His effort made him look like a pretty good bet for the mile-and-an-eighth Florida Derby.

"Give him a distance," said Trainer Woody Stephens, "and we might have something." But Stephens, experienced in such matters, added, "Remember, though, there are an awful lot of horses who finish fast at sprint distances and don't win who also finish fast around two turns and still don't win. I hope Judger isn't going to be one of those."

While Judger, a victim of bucked shins last season, may be a genuine classic prospect, Green Gambados is a bit of a mystery; no one even knows for sure

what his name means. A year ago he was berded to the starting gate 16 times, winning only twice but finishing second six times. John Jacobs, who trains the big son of Swaps, said, "He had bad luck in his three previous races without actually having run badly. The longer distance today suited him, and I don't think he'll have trouble with any distance." Jacobs, now 39, has been training for 20 years and is gradually phasing himself out of the day-to-day track routine, most of which is currently on behalf of his brother-in-law, Lou Wolfson. "I told Lou I wanted to be more of an overseer than a trainer in 1974," says Jacobs, "but I said if I came up with something that looked good for the Derby, I'd stick around." So, while his relatives search for the meaning of the word Gambados, Jacobs will aim the colt at the Florida Derby and hope its performance there will give him reason to go north to Keeneland and Churchill Downs.



Most of the others in the Fountain of Youth ran as though they wanted no part of a classic distance. And that appraisal can be applied to some of those who skipped last week's test, such as Frankie Adams, the 27-to-1 winner of the Hutcheson, and Totthead, the winner of the Floridian at 34 to 1. Real Supreme, who won the Prevew at 73 to 1, led the Fountain of Youth by as much as five lengths before fading at the eighth pole to finish 12th. If any of the also-rans has promise it might be John Gailbreath's Little Current, who came from 14th to finish sixth, or Buck's Bid, who was fourth. As for Cannonade, probably the second-best 2-year-old a year ago, he was twice a victim of fate. The day before the race he was severely bumped by another horse during a morning workout, and during the Fountain of Youth itself he was roughed up in tight traffic at the 16th pole. He faded to ninth and, possibly, a stint in the repair shop.

The champion 2-year-old, Protagonist, who has not started since winning the Laurel Futurity last November, has been bothered with knee problems, and Trainer Johnny Campo does not seem absolutely certain when or where he will unveil Max Gluck's chestnut son of Prince John. Others, like Raise A Cup,

Lothario, Lord Rebbeu, Heir to the Line, Training Table, Pat McGroder and Who Duzit! have yet to show much. However, Eastern racing may have a sleeper in E. P. Taylor's Eastern Lord, a son of Nearctic.

Although he won Santa Anita's San Vicente, Triple Crown may not be all that his illustrious name implies. But the chestnut son of Hawaii is being well handled by Trainer Preston King and is a real fighter. So are some of the horses he beat, such as El Espanoleto and Century's Envoy. "He had trouble at the start," said Pincay of Century's Envoy, "and he hadn't raced since last July." Frank McMahon's Sea-Bird colt, Gold Standard, tried to savage another horse in the San Vicente—which isn't the best way to win races—and Fred Hooper's Wedge Shot, winner of last fall's Futurity at Belmont, tired badly in the stretch. A week later he came back and won impressively. The best of the West's 3-year-olds may be a son of Advocator named Agitate, another of Pincay's regular mounts. Johnny Longden has a potentially good one in Money Lender, as has Trainer Syl Veitch in Prince of Reason. Others—Free Up, Bold Erin, Ja Aglo, Ribot's Master, Destroyer, El Sestu, L'Amour Rullah—are winning or com-

ing close to winning. Their seasons won't be a total loss.

Last spring and the spring before that, the racing world automatically rallied round the stars of Penny Tweedy's Meadow Stable, first Riva Ridge and then Secretariat. For a moment last summer it appeared that the blue and white colors might be in for a third smashing year. Riva's half-brother Capito and Secretariat's half-brother Capital Asset both won first starts. But instead of going on with them, Trainer Lucien Laurin sent the colts home to the farm for rest and further development. When they came back to the races recently at Gulfstream, it was a case of either too much rest or not enough development. Capito was bothered in his first start, though not enough to cause him to finish sixth. Four days later, Capital Asset did not have even that excuse. He had a clear shot at all the money on the turn for home but never got cranked up and finished fifth. Said Laurin wistfully, "You can't expect another Secretariat, you know. These two may be nice runners someday, but three champions in a row is a bit much."

So it is. Which is why this year almost every stable with a healthy 3-year-old in the barn thinks "he might be the one" for the 100th Derby. **END**

Like the cavalry in a Western movie, a squadron of colts charges in the Fountain of Youth stakes. Green Gambados (No. 3) got there first.





First day back in an A's uniform, Dark samples the sun at Oakland's Mesa, Ariz. spring camp.

AL DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

In a single bound, one of baseball's managers-in-exile vaults up from limbo to field boss of the champion Oakland A's

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

What are you doing, Alvin—besides playing golf?" Charles O. Finley said to Alvin R. Dark on the occasion of an Oakland-to-Miami telephone call Feb. 1. They had been talking about managers. Charlie's—the Oakland Athletics—need for one; Alvin's desire to be one again. Charlie was soliciting opinions on the men available. Charlie would name a manager and Alvin would give an opinion. It was not unusual. Over the years since Finley had fired Alvin from the job, they had become phone pals.

"Nothing. Getting fat," Alvin Dark said to Charlie Finley. "No one's here knocking my door down wanting me to manage."

"Alvin, how much you weigh?" asked Finley.

"Two-ten, two-fifteen."

"You must be fat. Would a fat old man be scared to manage a team that has won World Championships back to back?"

"It would bother anybody," said Alvin Dark. "It's a tough spot to put a man in. No matter what he does, he'll probably be wrong. The first time he loses a close game the second-guessers will have a field day. So to answer your question—I'd love to."

Charlie Finley laughed. "I can't make a decision yet," he said. "There's a lot to be ironed out." His manager of record was Dick Williams, though Williams had announced his intention to jump ship and manage the Yankees. Finley had pulled a contract on Williams, showing two years due. Hard words were passed. Litigation was under way.

"I'll be here," said Alvin Dark. "I'm not going anywhere, except to church. And to the golf course." The Darks' town house is hard by the 8th green of the east course at the Country Club of Miami.

When he hung up, Alvin Dark told his wife Jackie that if he did not know better he would say Mr. Finley had come dangerously close to offering him a job.

On Feb. 18 Charlie Finley called Alvin Dark again. Finley had been putting his house in order, with the help of a federal court judge who ruled that Williams had breached his contract. Dark had been putting his short irons in order for the Gleason Invitational golf tournament. As a participant in the celebrity pro-am, he had played 36 holes that day and was limping slightly when he went to the phone. His left knee, which had stood

the rigors of football at LSU and 25 years of playing and managing in the big leagues, is the only part of him that acts his age, which is 52. His hair is still curly and his eyes are still brown.

"You still interested?" Charlie Finley said to Alvin Dark.

"I sure am," said Alvin Dark.

"Time's running out. We start spring training Friday. How soon could you be ready to come out here?"

"Thirty minutes ago. Are you offering me the job?"

"I'd like to look you in the eyeballs first."

"I'll bring my wardrobe."

Alvin Dark filled three suitcases to go to Oakland. He said he wanted to be ready in case he had to go from there to Mesa, where the Athletics train. Jackie told him his suits were at the cleaners.

"Ship 'em," said Dark.

On his flight to the Coast he stopped in Houston, where he visited briefly with his mother and two daughters and son by his first marriage, and got a first look at his 10-month-old grandson. "I picked him up and he didn't cry—he knew it was grandpa," said Dark. When he got to San Francisco he checked in at the Hilton and awaited Finley's call. Finley was in an arbitration hearing over salary disputes with two players, Reggie Jackson and Joe Rudi. In Miami, Jackie Dark heard on a newscast that Irv Noren, an Oakland coach, had the inside track to manage the Athletics in 1974. Satchel Paige's name was also mentioned. Dark did not hear the report.

It was not until 10:30 p.m.—seven hours later—that Finley came to Dark's room. "You are fat," said Finley. He laughed. "You are *fat*." The first three minutes were devoted to Dark's waistline, and then they talked baseball for two hours. They talked about players and about strategies, about the effectiveness of the squeeze play ("Who are the best bunters on this team?" asked Dark), and about hitting-and-running, a favorite play of Dark's. Finley, who is also the A's general manager, answered as best he could.

"I'm only offering a one-year contract," Finley said at last.

"I'd take a day-to-day if you wanted me to."

"How much money do you want?"

"You decide."

The contract, Dark would say later, "was better than I've ever had in baseball." It called for a salary in line with what he had been making not to manage the Cleveland Indians the past 2½ years (\$60,000), plus performance clauses: a bonus if the A's win their division, a bonus if they win the pennant, a bonus if they win the World Series.

"The thing about Charlie Finley is that he is basically a very generous man," Alvin Dark had said to a friend in attempting to assess Finley's unique character some weeks before. "He'll do anything for you—just don't demand it." In 1966, when Dark first managed the A's and they finished seventh in what was then a 10-team American League—the best they had done under Finley till then—he gave Dark a Cadillac.)

At a press conference in Oakland the day after their Hilton meeting, Finley presented Dark as his new manager and said, "Yes, he was hired by me in 1966. . . . Yes, he was fired in 1967. . . . Yes, I hired him again. . . . Yes, he expects to be fired again some day." He said by-gones were by-gones. "Finley doesn't hold grudges," Dark said, "and who am I to hold one?" "We have decided to get married again," said Finley. A newscaster who does not know Finley as well as Dark does reported the event by saying, "The only thing worse than being hired by Charlie Finley is being hired by him a second time."

But if the reunion strained credibility,

it should not have. It was, first of all, almost inevitable that Charlie Finley would sooner or later hire someone he had previously fired. In 13 years of picturesque ownership of the A's, Finley has gone through managers as though they were salted peanuts. Dark is his 12th, Dark was also his sixth. In August of 1967 Finley fired Dark for not bucking him in the firing and suspending of Pitcher Lew Krausse after an incident involving drinking on a team flight.

There was an emotional seven-hour meeting of the two in a Washington hotel room. Dark was fired, rehired with a two-year contract and then fired again when Finley learned that Dark knew of a players' statement accusing the owner of undermining morale by using informers to spy on the team. The statement called for Finley to "give his fine coaching staff and excellent manager the authority they deserve." After Dark was fired, First Baseman Ken Harrelson was quoted as calling Finley "a menace to baseball," and was himself given an unconditional release. Valuable players are not given unconditional releases. If baseball was astounded, Harrelson was delighted. He got \$75,000 to sign on with Boston.

Despite the rift, however, there was no lasting bitterness between Finley and Dark. "I'd have done the same thing in his position," Dark said recently, "and I think he would have done what I did if he were in mine. We were victims of cir-

continued



In the evening, Dark, who says he has "put my life in stranger hands," reads Scripture.

circumstance." Unbeknown to most, the two became closer after the firing. Dark moved on to Cleveland in 1968, but he was only a direct-dial away. Respected managers like Eddie Stanky and Gene Mauch had told Finley there was no better mind in baseball than Dark's, and Finley is not shy. Dark estimates they talked "more than 50 times" by long distance over the years.

"People think Charlie's dumb because he asks so many crazy questions," Dark says of Finley. "He's not dumb. He's brilliant. He asks questions because he wants to know, and he's not ashamed to ask. I didn't like the softball uniforms, either, or the donkeys on the field, but you think about all the things he's pushed—night games for the World Series, the designated pinch hitter, interleague play—and you begin to realize what a positive influence he has been. Some owners wouldn't admit it, but they all copy him. Look at the uniforms. Look at the colored gloves and white shoes."

Dark says he came to realize long ago that managing in the big leagues is not a divine right. "A manager is foolish to think he's indispensable. Owners have a perfect right to fire them. It's not the manager's 15 million dollars that's on the line. If you're looking for job security, drive a mail truck. Managers *always* get fired."

Having made this accommodation to the system, Dark's own famous temper—he has been known to leave a locker room a shambles after a loss—was always well in hand when it came time to depart a job gone sour. As a Boston Braves-New York Giants star infielder in the 1940s and '50s, he was known as the smartest player on the field, and as a manager prodigy he led the San Francisco Giants to a pennant in 1962. He was fired in 1964. A New York newspaperman had charged him with racist remarks in an interview, Jackie Robinson, among others, came to Dark's defense, but the damage was done. And by then Giant Owner Horace Stoneham had other grievances. A devout Baptist and lay preacher, Dark was unashamed to speak out on religious matters, and he had achieved a kind of piety that rankled Stoneham, who could not get his manager to drink with him. When Stoneham, as Bill Vecek put it, found "a flaw in that faultless character of his" (Dark had fallen in love with the airline stewardess who is now his wife),

Stoneham became disenchanted. "I can understand that," Dark says. "It is hard to forgive a man who doesn't practice what he preaches. But I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Mr. Stoneham. He was good to me as a player, and he gave me my chance to manage." When he was fired, Dark made no fuss. "It's your ball club, Mr. Stoneham," he said.

Neither did Dark have harsh words when Vernon Stouffer let him loose with 2½ years to go on his Cleveland contract. The team was bad, attendance was down. And his mistake, says Dark, was that he "went to war" with his antagonists there—the Cleveland press and General Manager Gabe Paul. "I got worse instead of better," he says.

The time since, says Dark, has been



Dark gets reacquainted with Campaneris.

spent in a painstaking personal and spiritual re-evaluation—and, since last October, no set income. He "reassessed my commitment to the Christian life, and where I had failed in it, and my faith in Jesus Christ." Some months ago he wrote letters of apology to those he felt he had offended in Cleveland, including Gabe Paul, who had moved on to the Yankees.

When subsequent managerial jobs opened and he got no call, Dark was convinced baseball had written him off. But the effect was not what you would expect, says Jackie Dark. "In the last year we've never been happier."

There is now in Dark a "deeper, calmer strength," says a Miami newsman who knows him well. "Oh, he's still a fiery competitor—try him on the golf course

some day. But I don't think he'll ever have any trouble getting along with anyone again."

In that respect, Dark himself says he feels "absolutely no pressure in taking this job. I've put my life in stronger hands than my own." While he waited for his meeting with Finley in the Hilton, Dark memorized a verse from Deuteronomy: "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God... will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

"Of course," Dark says, smiling, "we haven't made any errors yet, and we haven't lost any tough games."

Dark sees no immediate need for a lot of team meetings and consultations with the champions. "I believe a man's actions drown out his words. We'll get acquainted."

He already is well acquainted with some A's. Infielders Sal Bando, Campy Campaneris and Dick Green and Pitchers Catfish Hunter and Blue Moon Odom were on his 1967 team. Gene Tenace, Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers were in the organization, and Reggie Jackson had been signed off the Arizona State campus in 1966. "Even then we knew he was going to be great," says Dark of Jackson. "Mr. Finley did a great job of going out and signing young talent. My dream then was to take a club built from scratch to the championship. We were on our way in 1966, but they wound up doing it without me."

After the Coast announcement ceremony Dark left for Mesa, with a side trip to Bellflower, Calif., where he addressed a meeting of the Pacific Baptist Bible Fellowship. Dark spoke of his triumphs and his troubles. "Before it was over," he said, "we were all crying. You've never seen emotion until you've seen all those Baptist preachers crying."

Later Dark checked in at a motel near the Los Angeles airport and discovered he had left Miami with little cash and only a gas company credit card. The hotel manager was a baseball fan, however, and recognized the name. He offered to take a check for the room.

"You can put your dinner on it, too, if you wish," said the manager.

"That'd be just fine," said Dark. He ordered liver, a salad—without dressing—and a glass of iced tea. He explained to the waitress that he was on a very strict diet.

END

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SANDERS OF HARVARD

In which the author, class of '42, recalls a rather quaint past and foresees a formidable future

by COLES PHINIZY

For 13 seasons, from 1960 to 1973, Thomas E. (Satch) Sanders served the Boston Celtics well. In 1,046 regular and playoff games on the way to eight NBA titles, Sanders labored in the hot corner for the Celtics. While guards like Bob Cousy masterminded the offense and Bill Russell held the charge, it was Sanders' slavish duty to keep rival beasts like Elgin Baylor of the Lakers from scoring more than 25 points. Sanders became known as the great defender. In Baylor's mind, he was the best of defensive men: a nagging genius seemingly endowed with a sixth sense and four constantly waving arms.

Last spring Sanders was offered the coaching job at Harvard and accepted. Pro players do not always succeed as coaches, but Celtics often do. Two who played with Sanders in the Celtic dynasty—K.C. Jones and Tommy Heinsohn—are currently leading their respective teams, the Bullets and Celtics, to division titles in the NBA. A third, Bill Sharman, has the Lakers in contention, while Russell has upgraded the Super-Sonics. To play pro ball and then coach pros is one thing. To switch from the hustle of the NBA to Harvard is quite another. When he signed with the Celtics, Satch Sanders joined an exclusive club of brainy and able men who borrowed greatness from each other. At Harvard

A DURABLE DUO: Harvard basketball Coach Satch Sanders; oldtimer name of John Harvard.



he is a giant alone, faced with the task of trying to saddle a mouse.

Basketball at Harvard is definitely not big. For 73 years the game has been a prime victim of Harvard indifference, a queer trait that the college perpetuates God knows why. On a sleety day this winter, on Mr. Auburn Street in the heart of Harvard Square, the author of this piece asked the first seven undergraduates he met what sport Tom Sanders coached. One said lacrosse. Two said basketball. Three did not know. The seventh (a Californian) remembered that somebody named Sanders once coached football at UCLA or USC. If in a future season the Harvard basketball team should beat UCLA and Yale back to back, the student body possibly would be aroused.

In 1900, eight years after Naismith hung up the first peach baskets in Springfield, the game came to Harvard by way of Yale. When he enrolled in Harvard Law School, John Kirkland Clark, who had captained the Yale basketball team of 1898-99, served as captain and coach of the first Harvard quintet. He was a slick one. When Harvard met Yale for the first time in 1901, Clark refused to play because his brother was captain of the Elis. He refereed instead, and Harvard lost, 41-16.

Summing up Harvard's basketball fortunes from then until now, a historian recently wrote, "In the overall picture, neither enthusiasm nor winning teams have dominated the basketball scene at the college." In 42 league seasons Harvard has never won an Ivy League title and has finished better than fifth only nine times. It is difficult to achieve such spectacular failure by simply being apathetic, Harvard managed it by combining apathy with a remarkable lack of foresight. In 1904, after losing nine of 10 games to Ivy rivals, Harvard quit the league, its seers opining that "the public does not want to waste an entire evening at such a thing as a basketball game." In 1909 Harvard quit basketball altogether for 11 years. The manager of the 1908-09 team was much in favor of giving it up, saying, "We are being defeated all the time in basketball. It is a poor sport. Therefore, we had better abolish it." The manager's antipathy was exceeded by that of the Athletic Committee, which

shelved basketball because "the game has not flourished here and is regarded by many competent critics as among the least desirable of athletic sports in this part of the country."

Assessing current enthusiasm, Dave Matthews, Director of Sports Information at Harvard, says, "The stands today are usually more than half-filled. When we drew 1,000 for Connecticut, I lied a little and called it a capacity crowd. From the bottom of the Indoor Athletic Building it is 68 steps up to the basketball court. That does not encourage paying customers. Most of the crowd are students who get in free. Some nights we don't take in enough to pay the refs."

The more popular sports at Harvard, such as football, hockey and crew, have supporting alumni groups—"friends" they are called—who fete the teams, pay for equipment the athletic budget cannot cover and encourage scholarly athletes to consider going to Harvard. Climbing 68 steps to see Harvard lose at basketball has apparently discouraged alumni, at least those with bulging wallets. In Dave Matthews' words, "You could seat all the friends of Harvard basketball around a very small table."

Tom Sanders is no dummy. When he took the Harvard job, he knew what he was in for. "I am well aware of the excellence of Harvard," he told the press, "and of its many athletic programs. I want to move basketball into that same mode of excellence." In a later interview he added, "I look at basketball as part of the college curriculum. At Harvard it is sort of a 'minor' minor."

Harvard does not only of its indifference, but on the fact that it is different. In one respect it stands apart from most institutions. Harvard is proud of the academic freedom it fosters, but in its attitude toward athletics it is still an old Puritan school. In announcing Sanders' appointment, as if to assure the world that Harvard was not just hiring a fast-living jock, Athletic Director Robert B. Watson said sanctimoniously, "He will bring to Harvard a solid knowledge of the game and impeccable personal credentials. With that in mind, Tom will not only make a significant contribution to our basketball program, but he'll become a great asset



SATCH IMPARTS WISDOM AT COURTSIDE

to the Harvard community as well."

Harvard's grudgingness down the years has derived largely from its acceptance of all manner of men with scant regard for their personal credentials or social worth. In its 338 years it has harbored a wild variety: renegades and antiquarians, scions and social lepers, goldfish swallows and snake-oil salesmen, longhairs and crewcuts. It has graduated Roosevelts and Kennedys and Richardsons who were not always impeccable while on campus. It was from Harvard that Dr. Henry Kissinger emerged as a fledgling statesman. It was Harvard that also gave the world Dr. Timothy Leary, the widely sought dispenser of LSD.

In such a milieu, where a one-eyed Martian could easily pass unnoticed, Satch Sanders has had no trouble adjusting. In his life, from Harlem boyhood to Harvard, he has fitted in well every place except on commercial airliners, where coach seats afford barely enough legroom for any basketballer bigger than Calvin Murphy.

If given Sanders' job, many would have a hard time living with Harvard's traditional priority: academics always first, jockery often a poor second. At a crucial practice and chalk-talk this season, Harvard's captain, Tony Jenkins,

continued



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did not show up. With a Rockefeller Foundation grant for a year of travel already in his pocket, Jenkins was in Detroit being interviewed for a Rhodes scholarship. The same week two subs and Center Lou Silver missed practices because of academic commitments. Two years ago Guard Jim Fitzsimmons set the alltime Harvard scoring record: 629 points in 26 games for a 24.2 average. Fitzsimmons is sitting out his last semester of eligibility to maintain grades good enough for graduate school. Walter Hines, all-city second team as a New York high-schooler, is inactive for the same reason.

The fact that there is talent on campus not playing for him sits easily with Sanders. "Any man attending one of the best universities in the world is foolish if he does not get the education it offers," he says. "I have seen too many men go from college into pro ball and last maybe a year. When they are cut—and so many are cut—they are through. Where can they go? Only back home. They have finished college without going to college."

In his early years Sanders was a natural scholar and second-rate athlete who grew too tall too fast. At 13 he was a shambling 6-foot 3-inch wearing size 13 shoes. Cal Ramsey, who now expertizes New York Knicks games on TV, grew up in the same Harlem neighborhood—a year ahead of Sanders scholastically and several years ahead in athletic finesse. "Satch was the tallest, most uncoordinated kid in junior high," Ramsey recalls. "He had to work at basketball. What he got, he earned. When we were both at NYU, he lifted weights to toughen himself for the college game. He started walking erect to make the most of his height, to the point where we called him 'Mr. Posture.'"

In his last year at Cooper Junior High, Sanders had improved enough to win a seat on the bench and play a minute in three games. His junior-high counselor suggested that he go to a trade or commercial high school and devote himself to tailoring, cooking or some other vocation—that—let's face it—would assure a young black man a job after graduation. Sanders chose Seward Park High, attracted by basketball and its college-prep curriculum. By his senior year he had become proficient enough to receive more than a dozen solid college offers and countless feelers (including one from

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somebody representing Harvard). His Seward Park coach, Henry Cohen, counseled him, "Whatever college you pick, be sure you graduate with more than a basketball in your hands." Sanders chose NYU, accepting an academic scholarship with no basketball strings attached.

For two years at NYU he played in the shadow of Cal Ramsey. As captain in his senior year, 1959-60, Sanders led NYU into the semifinals of the NCAA championships. In the spring before graduation he had lined up a promising job with a tape manufacturing company when he was stunned to read in the papers that he was the first-round draft choice of the champion Boston Celtics. He had given little thought to pro ball, disenchanted largely because Ramsey had tried it with two teams the preceding year and had been dropped by both. (Ramsey played two games the following season with a third NBA team before going into retirement.) Even after the draft Sanders was inclined to pass up pro ball but he made the lucky mistake of having a chat with Boston Coach Red Auerbach, a man of considerable zeal and persuasion. Auerbach made two convincing points: 1) Sanders had nothing to lose in trying since he had had the good sense to get a solid education at NYU; and 2) if the Celtics were not really interested, why would they waste a first-round pick on him?

Sanders reported for the Celtics' try-outs wearing spectacles, elbow pads and knee pads. Auerbach bought him contact lenses and talked him out of elbow pads. When Sanders persisted in wearing knee pads, Auerbach persuaded veteran Forward Frank Ramsey to steal them. Auerbach remembers: "Sanders was something. He had a great brain connected to a great pair of arms. When he tried out for the Celtics he had a tremendous desire to learn. When he left 13 years later, he was still listening and learning."

Considering the state of pro ball when Sanders graduated from NYU, his almost instant success and long life with the Celtics are achievements of note. Simply to be picked in the first round was a distinction in 1960, for it was a vintage year for talent, and there were only eight teams in the bidding. Today, although the number of pro rosters—counting both NBA and ABA—has more than tripled, the average pro career, as figured by the NBA, is only six years. To date the seven elite draftees of 1960 who

continued

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SANDERS [continued]

signed contracts have averaged more than 11 years, and three of them—Jerry West, Oscar Robertson and Lenny Wilkens—are still playing.

Sanders' basketball excellence was tempered and case-hardened by the inspiring fire of Red Auerbach's tongue. Insofar as the lesser talent of Harvard allows, Sanders' coaching philosophy is that of Auerbach's: disciplined offense and relentless defense, defense, defense. In a skull session before a tough test against Boston College, Sanders advised his team: "BC plays race-horse basketball. They are impatient on defense. They want to get the ball and go. They are good players, but sometimes they don't all play together. Gentlemen, let us play our own game."

Though tactically of much the same mind, in manner Sanders and Auerbach are a world apart. As anyone who has been in ear-barring distance will attest, Auerbach is very verbal, particularly in the presence of referees whose calls have disappointed him. Describing Sanders, his antithesis, Auerbach says, "On the Celtics he was always the quiet one reading a book. He had the respect of everybody because he exuded class. You'll notice when he coaches he addresses his team as 'gentlemen.' That isn't something he affected for Harvard. He has always had the beautiful soft approach."

Sanders is indeed a charmer, laconic yet eloquent, and graced with the wry humor that sustained Abe Lincoln in hard times. In a recent game a Harvard forward muffs a dead-on bullet pass, and the ball sails out of bounds. At court-side Sanders observes, "It was a bad pass. It hit him right in the hands." As Sanders sits in the 13'-by-11' office he shares with Freshman Coach Mike Jarvis, an undergraduate enters. The student has a hometown buddy who plays basketball and is coming to look Harvard over. Would Coach Sanders like to talk to him? "What we are looking for," Sanders replies, "are basketball scholars seven feet tall, but at this point I'll be glad to talk to anybody." Because of the fuel crisis, the radiator in Sanders' office sometimes puts out only enough heat to keep itself warm. As he pores over game stats, Sanders rubs his hands and glances at the hot rack beside his desk. "I have heard," he says, "that if you wear a hat indoors, it helps keep your feet warm. I just may try it." Although the rest of Harvard's main athletic building has been

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cooled by the fuel shortage, the natatorium is kept warm for the bare-skinned swimmers. Sanders sometimes abandons his office to do his paperwork in the swimming-pool stands.

The basketball bookies at Harvard puts out annually to assist the press is replete with dismal statistics of the past. It also contains heady facts about Harvard's early history, its present, sprawling impact on the world, its world-record endowment of \$1.3 billion and its great Widener Library bulging with more than eight million books. In the booklet there is not one word about the basketball facilities on campus, and understandably. Year to year Harvard's endowment grows, and its big library gets more books, but its basketball facilities today are what they were nearly half a century ago: one court 83'-by-50', suitable for adult competition, and two courts 88'-by-44', adequate for junior high school play. People around Harvard who should know do not seem to know why the basketball facilities stand still while most of the university forges ahead. The easiest conclusion to reach, of course, is that the seers in charge today are as blind a bunch of mice as those who decided 65 years ago that basketball was not here to stay.

In 1942, to complete his senior thesis at Harvard, the author of this piece took two books of French ballads out of Widener. According to the sign-out card in the back of each, the volumes had not been taken out for 27 years—not since 1915, when they were loaned to the University of Detroit. The true worth of any functional object is the use it gets. On that count the three old basketball courts of Harvard outclass its loaded library by a country mile. If Harvard's eight million books were ever used as its basketball courts have been for 45 years, they would be in tatters. Last winter 600 Harvard undergrads out of a total enrollment of 4,800 competed in intramural basketball. Add to that the varsity and the frosh and, say, a hundred other students and maybe a couple dozen of the faculty horsing around in pickup games, and the total climbs to about 750. As if that were not loud enough, the courts are also used for badminton and intramural volleyball, for varsity wrestling, occasionally for fencing matches and for practice once a week by the varsity quintet of Radcliffe, Harvard's distaff appendage.

Even when the athletic building is

closed on Sunday afternoons an odd bunch of basketballers known as the Harvard Classics work out on the main court. The Harvard Classics are a happy amalgam of eager and/or talented players who want to compete but because of afternoon lab sessions and other academic pressures could never give the varsity squad an honest measure of devotion. For the most part, the Classics play the junior varieties of local colleges, prep schools, penal institutions—just about anybody not too good. If asked, the Classics would probably take on UCLA provided Walton coached and Wooden played center.

This season the Classics have lost three times: to the Bentley College jayvees, to a pickup team from Harvard's law and divinity schools and to the Boston State varsity. The Classics have whopped 11 other rivals, notably beating the Deer Island House of Correction 107-96 and the Villencu Jail and House of Correction 133-78. Considering that no Harvard varsity ever scored more than 125 points in a game, how can a once-a-week bunch of Harvard men rack up such totals? Simple. At a house of correction, when the game is over, the home players must return to their private pens, so the timers drag out the games. Against Deer Island the Harvard Classics played about 50 minutes—10 over the collegiate limit. The Villencu game went 65 minutes.

How has the Harvard varsity fared so far in Sanders' first season? To judge by the record, it would seem the Fates have decreed that Harvard can excel, but as penance for all its past sins against basketball, must still lose a lot. At the end of the third week of January, when competition stopped for the midyear exam period, Harvard had won five and lost 10. Given a rightful share of luck, Harvard's record could easily have been 10 and five. In any season a team expects to lose a few close ones and win a few. This season Harvard has had a gutful of squeakers—eight in all—and only one has gone its way. In early December the team beat Dartmouth 65-64 on a technical foul with no time showing on the clock, which is about as squeaky as you can get. Just after Christmas, in the first round of the Quaker City Tournament, Harvard lost to Temple 61-59 in the last minute and a half, and Temple went on to beat Cincinnati and California for the title.

How many teams have ever lost four

games in one season by a total of six points in a total of six seconds? Here is how Harvard did it this year.

HARVARD vs. ST. BONAVENTURE.

Harvard leads 69-68 with two seconds to go. Bonaventure Forward Bill Moore sinks an 18-foot jumper. Harvard loses 70-69.

HARVARD vs. SPRINGFIELD.

At the end of regulation time the score is 72-72. In overtime it is 82-82 with two seconds to go. Guard Joel Goldson of Springfield puts in a twisting layup. The buzzer sounds before Harvard can inbound. Harvard loses 84-82.

HARVARD vs. NORTHEASTERN.

Harvard trails 55-53. With two seconds to go, Harvard Center Silver is fouled and goes to the line with the chance to tie it up. He misses his first try. He attempts to put his second free throw off the backboard so it will rebound to where a teammate can get his hands on it. Alas, Silver's deliberate attempt to miss goes in the hoop. Harvard loses 55-54.

HARVARD vs. PENNSYLVANIA.

Penn is the favorite to win the Ivy League title and a good dozen points better than Harvard. But surprise, surprise, with eight seconds to go it is 53-53. A jump ball is called between Guards John Beecroft of Penn and Ken Wolfe of Harvard. Beecroft gets the tap to teammate Henry Johnson, whose jumper misses and bounces freakishly back to Beecroft. Beecroft shoots from 12 feet out with one second to go. The buzzer sounds while the ball is in the air. The ball goes in. Harvard loses 55-53.

In spite of these assorted calamities, Harvard is 8 and 4 in Ivy competition and will finish with a far better record than was expected.

After one surprisingly easy win Sanders had a beer with Freshman Coach Jarvis in a Cambridge pub. A time to relax—but Sanders did not. On the pub's television set his old Celtics were nip-and-tuck against the Lakers. Sanders has a lasting love affair with the Celtics and the city of Boston. He tried to follow the game, but his mind kept drifting back to Harvard. In 10 minutes the shouting TV commentator had lost him altogether, and Sanders was deep in conversation with Jarvis about variations of pick-and-roll and give-and-go that they might try to help Harvard basketball to a better day.

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That has long been the lure of Baltimore's notorious strip, and the gym over the Jewel Box is no different. There aspiring boxers rehearse for shows in the local bucket of blood *by JOHN SCHULIAN*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID HOPES

Baltimore is a gritty old strumpet of a city where unwritten sociological imperatives require a boxing arena to have Polish bakeries on one side, steel mills on another and red-neck bars all around. Steelworkers Hall meets those criteria with the ease that home boy Joe Gans dropped pretenders to his turn-of-the-century lightweight championship.

Gans would have fit in nicely in Steel-

workers because, if students of pugilism *révélé* will excuse its newly painted exterior, everything about this unimposing brick pile seems the product of an imagination longing for another chance at yesterday. "Steelworkers," says a fighter who gets work there regularly, "is a little bucket of blood, just like you'd see in the movies."

I. W. Abel, the union boss, peers down from a photograph on the dingy wall, but he can't see the ring for the smoke. There are 1,225 tan metal folding chairs in the arena, and the critics who fill them cease puffing on cigars only to offer such advice as, "Hit him with a coconut, dummy." Everyone is hustling bets, even the housewife at ringside who puts a couple dollars on the red corner for one fight and a couple on the blue for the next. The action is heavier under the balcony, where a betting man can stop a boxer headed for the ring and tell him how many hundred are riding on him. Local fighters get most of the play—a commentary on their opponents as much as it is on their ability—and on those rare occasions when a decision goes against one of them, it rains beer.

"People gonna get excited," sputters resident Promoter Eli Hanover, who is always excited himself. "This is a jumping-up-and-down sport. Who jumps up and down when someone carries a football four yards? Who jumps up and down when someone hits a single? Here people jump up and down just watching two guys trying to knock each other on their butt. Y' understand what I mean about a jumping-up-and-down sport?"

If you don't, check out Eli on a fight night. Up to greet an old pug with a roundhouse slap to the shoulder. And down. Up to find out if a preliminary boy has gotten the message that he is fighting. And down. Up to take another shot at convincing the sporting press that several boxers on the card don't belong in a rest home. And down.

Hanover enjoys the luxury of wearing himself out this way because he knows that all the hands in the till are an extension of his. Daughters Jackie and Gail sell tickets, brother-in-law Bernie runs the hot-dog stand and wife Frances counts the money. The family approach helps keep the overhead low, which helps

keep Eli in business, something he is very insistent about.

On occasion Hanover seems to have help from elsewhere. Take the time half of a midsummer's night main event decided he would rather stay in Puerto Rico and celebrate his last victory than fly to Baltimore and get beat on. Eli didn't learn of the change of heart until the afternoon of the fight. He sprayed \$150 worth of telephone calls around the East, complaining that his stomach was killing him and assuming that everyone knew his wallet was, too. Four hours of trying produced a 33-year-old Hartford, Conn. toolmaker named Jesus Alcia who hadn't been in a ring for a month and whose record was 10-20-4—but who was available. When Alcia showed up 30 minutes before the fight, the man filling out a medical examination card said, "What's your address, Jesus?" "Heaven, where else?" replied one of Hanover's cronies.

There is nothing heavenly about the location of the gym where Hanover makes his headquarters. It is perched over a strip joint on The Block, that swatch of East Baltimore Street famed for showing sailors and salesmen a good time and now as wrinkled, fat and toothless as any atherosclerotic burlesque queen. The strip joint is the Jewel Box, and until last January Eli owned it. He sold out to Leo Barber, who managed several fighters Eli uses on his cards and who was recently convicted as part of a gambling ring that included local cops. So it goes on The Block.

The red door to Sports Activities, Inc. is next to the entrance to the Jewel Box. Anyone who picks the gym over the watered-down drinks and mush-bellied strippers gets a pained look from the Jewel Box doorman. Yet the gym's occupants aren't removed completely from the house of few lights below. The music from the jukebox pulses through the floor of the gym, massaging the ears and feet of everyone topside.

The Isley Brothers blend a burning question, "Who's that lady, beautiful lady?" into the normal gymnasium cacophony—the beeps and bongs of the automatic timer, the snorts of the sparring boxers, the splat of their gloves, the machine-gun burrs on the speed bag, the

continued



THE STACCATO OF THE STREET provides the beat at bouts in Steelworkers Hall, where both boxer and barber may advertise their skills.

frantic lashes of a rope-skipping fighter struggling to keep pace with his trainer, who is singing *Tou for Two*.

Up front Eli Hanover is talking. As usual. His audience is a man from the outfit that made the gym's ring. Like the one at Steelworkers, it is 18 by 18, smaller than the standard 20 by 20 because, Eli says, "I don't like to see nobody running away." The ring's size, however, doesn't keep Eli from telling the man, "All that canvas, sheesh, you guys must be making a fortune."

The man laughs. "You haven't paid for it yet," he says.

"It's better to give than receive," Eli replies.

Eli's klaxon voice oozes forward on the square wheels of a nasal Baltimore accent, grating to the uninitiated. The body is middle-aged Mickey Rooney. The head is Humphrey Bogart. But the dark brown eyes are strictly Eli. They dance like a numbe fighter stalking a night's prey. They take in all on the street below, from the wine slumped in front of a dirty-book store to the strippers high-heeling to work as night catches up with day. They water a bit when the fumes from Polock Johnny's sausage emporium drift through the open windows of the gym.

"This is the class street of the world," Eli says from deep in the recesses of his black executive's chair. "If you want to find it, come to this street. You got the greatest people that walk God's earth and you got some of the biggest stinkers." He notices a friend crossing the street. "Hey," Eli bellows. "Hey, hey!" The friend looks up at last to see Eli in the window, clasping his hands and shaking them over each shoulder, back and forth, back and forth.

It is the wave of the champion that 52-year-old Eli Hanover, son of a Rumanian immigrant peddler, child of the tough East Baltimore streets, never was He won 14 of 15 professional fights as a lightweight, but in the process he had the truth about his ability stitched onto his eyebrows. "I wasn't no great fighter," he says. "I was just a preliminary boy." A

steadier future waited for him at sea, where he spent 13 years sailing the world in the Merchant Marine. When he came ashore for good, waiting for him were his wife and the earliest of their nine children, an organizer's job with the seaman's union and the chance to get back in boxing.

He paid his dues training and managing a series of nondescript fighters before he began promoting in the mid-'60s. There are pessimists in town who say it was more curse than chance. Before,

Such confidence has deserted Hanover just once in his decade of promoting. When an attractive Civic Center card flopped in 1970, he went incommunicado for 18 months. He came back for another try, of course, declaring, "I felt like I just got outta jail."

Boxing was about to become a full-time job for him by then; he had retired from the seaman's union and he was getting ready to unload the Jewel Box. It wasn't money that brought him back; although Eli says, "I ain't going broke,"

friends indicate that he isn't getting rich, either. The lure, most likely, was that he was needed. Needed, that is, as much as any city whose populace remembers TV's Friday night fights needs a boxing promoter. Replacements had come from Philadelphia as well as Baltimore, and they had failed. That does much for Eli's already substantial ego, particularly now that his business is picking up. "Let's face it," he says. "I'm Mr. Boxing in Baltimore. This self-praise stinks, but we're talking about actuality."

Baltimore's last successful promoters, Lou Fisher and George Goldberg, struck it rich in the '40s. They put on two or three fight shows a week, and they always had one on Monday. "Except when it was Yom Kippur," says Hanover. But time caught up with them. The ice rinks and ball parks that housed their fights fell to ruin, and when the promoters grew old, there was no one to take their place.

There still isn't, as far as gimmickry is concerned. Fisher and Goldberg once had a

heavyweight named Curtis Sheppard who was putting opponents' lights out upon request. That wasn't enough for them. They bought a hatchet, painted it gold and gave it the nickname Hatchetman to Sheppard. He carried the hatchet into the ring with him every fight after that. When he fought Jersey Joe Walcott, someone had to carry it out for him.

"The people that come to Steelworkers don't want no gimmicks," says Hanover. "They don't want no free T-shirts."



STEELWORKER OFFICER WALTER BURKE OVERSEES ELI'S ACT

Hanover could take whomever he was handling to Philadelphia or Washington or Richmond. Now he was stuck in Baltimore. Baltimore, where the only places he could put on a show were tiny Steelworkers Hall or the 12,000-seat Civic Center, which, a series of bad crowds has convinced Eli, is "a fat, greedy, white elephant." Rising land costs in the suburbs have kept him from building an arena with 3,000 seats that he insists he could fill any time he stepped off The Block.



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They don't want no free boxing gloves. They want to see blood, that's what they want to see—blood. As long as it ain't theirs." The boxers who turn up regularly on Eli's cards seem eager to draw it or give it. "They are," he says, "ath-a-letes. You can't give the people what I call tomato cans. You know, no fluff-fluffs, no boo-boos, no ha-has. You do, you're out of business. You got to give the people ath-a-letes."

One of the fights Eli dreamed of would have matched Wes Unseld, the redwood-thighed center of the then Baltimore Bullets, with 6'5", 280-pound Bobo Renfrow. This is the same Bobo Renfrow who, when asked to sing his school song during a tryout with the old Boston Patriots, warbled the Schaefer beer commercial. Bobo turned to boxing when football rejected him, and when boxing became too hard, he went underground. "He's working on the subway in Washington," Eli says. "I think he's holding up the street."

So Hanover must settle for fighters of lesser physical stature but equally strange reputation. Light heavyweight Josh Hall's performances at Steelworkers have led to rumors of a jaw made by Libbey-Owens-Ford. But he is 4 and 0 in the parking lot of The Frigate lounge in suburban Glen Burnie. It is surprising that welterweight Buddy Boggs has time for boxing at all. He claims to have wrestled alligators, driven a motorcycle off a bridge for the Annette Funello classic, *How to Snuff a Wild Billie*, and come up swinging after falling 20 floors in an elevator on a construction job. "Ronnie McGarvey, he's my Jesus freak," Hanover says. Once Eli paid McGarvey \$650 for a man event at Steelworkers that the undefeated featherweight thought was worth more. "But I didn't argue the case with him," says McGarvey. "I just want to praise God."

Eli, meanwhile, is studiously watching the development of Leo Saenz, a 19-year-old middleweight whom Greyhound brought him last spring. Saenz is one of 14 children born to an itinerant Mexican-American fruitpicker in Edinburg, Tex. When he was 14 and his family had journeyed to Kalamazoo, Mich., Leo set out on his own. He survived a brush with the law over some stolen pants and began learning his way around the ring. "I was just practicing with those other dudes," he says. "They was using me. They

continued



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ON THE BLOCK

thought I wasn't going now here. And one day, this old guy—his name is Johnny Gale—he sees me practicing for the Golden Gloves and he said, "You got it, man," and he sent me to Baltimore."

Gale's judgment has held up through Saez's first 13 professional triumphs, eight by knockouts. Relentlessly aggressive, Leo is always hunting them. Trainer Terry Moore remembers Leo's reaction to one of the five decisions he has won: "Leo kept saying, 'I gotta knock him out, I gotta knock him out.'" I said, "Leo, you already done punched holes in the man." He said, "I know, but I gotta knock him out."

"This guy," Eli says of the kid, "is the best fighter I seen in the past 30 years potential-wise. If he don't become a champion, it's because he didn't try. He can be what you'd call your Rolls-Royce of boxing." Of course Eli says that, or something equally flattering, about every local product who appears on his shows and whose fists are worth taping. "If Buddy Boggs doesn't revive boxing in Baltimore," he once said, "then I'm getting out of the game." Bobo Renfrow was "the hottest, liveliest fighter in the country" and Ronnie McGarvey still "may be the best featherweight in the country." To every such pronouncement, regardless of its accuracy, Eli adds solemnly, "May this building fall on my head right now if that ain't the truth."

The curvy harker's pitch is for the public, but the boxers aren't immune to Hanover's salesmanship, either. More than once one of Josh Hall's opponents has shown up over the weight limit. "My manager will be standing there," Josh says, "and I'll be trying to listen to him and Eli. Well, you know how Eli can talk. He'll look me right in the eye and say, 'You want to fight, don't you,' and the only thing I can say is, 'Yeah.'"

Hanover begins to wonder if his magic is evaporating when he has fight nights at Steelworkers like the one just past. The regular clientele showed up—Jack Pollock, Baltimore's fading political boss, and Simon Avara, Governor Marvin Mandel's barber, and a gang of old pugs remembered only by each other—but they wouldn't fill the place. The thought of a grated Eli so badly that he made friends of his non-paying customers buy tickets. "I'm sorry," Eli said, "but even the pay phone ain't workin'."

Neither were the somnambulists in the

continued

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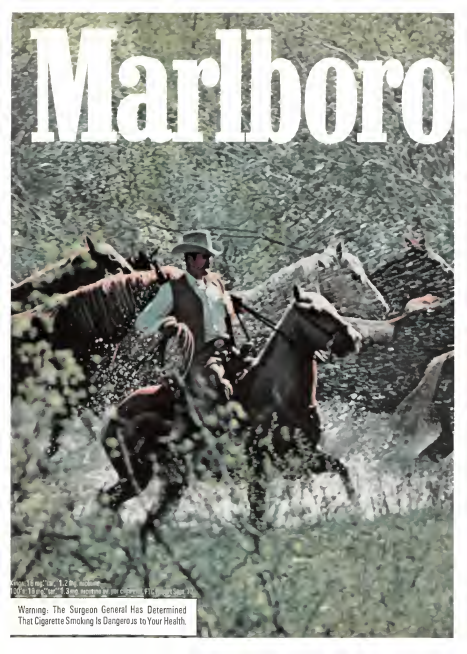
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first preliminary. "Hurry up and knock him out," a fan in the balcony yelled to lightweight Billy Bell, the local entry. "I got somewhere to go tonight." "Yeah, knock him out," cried a ringsider. "The man's got somewhere to go." Bell couldn't oblige them, but he remained upright and proved again that is the best way to ensure victory in Baltimore over an outsider.

The balcony dweller was helped toward the door by Doenue Branch, a paunchy heavyweight who delivered an unexpected first-round knockout, and Leo Saenz, who put away an alleged Nigerian prince in the second round of their fight. Each winner found himself with a shadow as happy as his victim was flat. Tagging along with Saenz was a rock 'n' roll guitarist who had strummed up \$100 worth of action on his man. A cabbie named Doc had picked up Branch at Penn Station and decided to stick with him rather than head for Laurel Race Track and bet on Boone the Great, who wound up running last in the fifth race. "I'm driving my man home to Philadelphia," Doc announced after the fight from a perch on a well-padded wallet.

The happiness stopped outside the dressing room where Jesus (Pajanto) Nieves, Ronnie McGarvey's main-event opponent, was trying on gloves. "These are used," moaned Nieves' manager, Victor Cintron. "Anytime you fight main event, you supposed to get new gloves. A big city like this and you got these gloves my little boy wouldn't wear." Nieves, who speaks little English, shrugged and walked into the ring to take 10 rounds of left-handed punishment from McGarvey. Knocked down once, staggered half a dozen times, Nieves endured with a stubborn nobility that earned him a standing ovation from the half-full house. It didn't change the unanimous decision against him, though. It didn't bring water from Steelworkers' dormant showers, either.

While Nieves toweled himself off for the drive back to New York City, where he would return to work in the garment district in the morning, Eli Hanover counted the night's receipts. Three thousand dollars. The break-even figure. Eli felt better than even the winners. He had proved again that he is where he is supposed to be. May the building fall on his head right now if that ain't the truth.

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OLD LIONS FULL OF GROWL

In St. Petersburg a grand band of ancients—none younger than 75—believes there is a lot more to the national pastime than passing time. These men hit and run, field and throw, and sometimes rage, as if their lives are at stake

The look on Harry Lepore, 80, leftfielder, says good speed, strong arm. Lepore once ran a gun and coal supply company in Challemore, Mass.

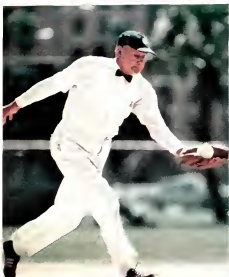
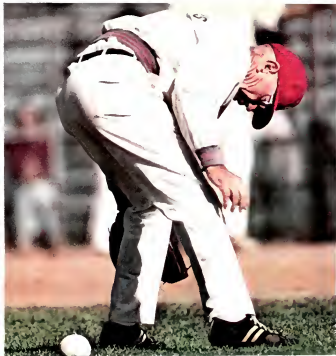




Before each game Bill Davis, 91, former bike racer, ceremonially displays the flag. John Dacey, 85 (right), was a steelworker. Parasols come out as a game warms up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODGE JR.





NORTH SHORE SOFTBALL FIELD												
INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	TOTAL
KIDS	0	0	0	0	0	0						0
KUBS	3	0	2	9	4	5						23

Taking part Is Everything

They are not ordinary men, the members of St. Petersburg's Three-Quarter Century Softball Club, Inc. One of them—a star outfielder, an all-out hustler, a line-drive hitter—is 88 years old. Another has a pacemaker in his heart, but no one is supposed to know. “The hell with it,” he says. “If I’m gonna die, I’m gonna die. Just have ‘em stop the game and haul me away.” A 91-year-old catcher, a wit, plays with a bad back, but he won’t take a warm bath. “I took a bath before I left home in September,” he growls. “Besides, I got guts. It don’t hurt so bad I can’t play.” That is how it goes.

Seventy-five is a rare age for a rookie anywhere, in anything. But at St. Petersburg's North Shore Park it is hardly more than postadolescence. There is a lot of experience on the Three-Quarter Century Club and a certain suspicion of youth, which is why Frank Martin and Irving Dinneen, each a callow 75, are anxious to please.

Martin, still wiry and muscular, is always crouched and ready in short field. He grins as he runs out an extra-base hit. He screams in disbelief at umpires. He says, “If I couldn’t play, I don’t know what I’d do.”

First Baseman Dinneen was a dentist for 50 years until he retired last June—and promptly broke his leg, playing softball. He is a proud man. Recently, after being knocked to the ground during a close play, he snapped, “Yes, I’m all right. Now come on, play!” But later, relaxed, he said, “I’m having trouble at first. My feet are too big.” And that is

how it is at North Shore Park, too. A sensible perspective is maintained; playing is everything, not winning. At 75 or 85 a base hit is something to be savored.

The Three-Quarter Century Club is composed of two teams, the Kids and the Kubs, who play each other in three seven-inning games each week from November through March. But team identities and loyalties are not strong. Players speak of how many years they have been with “the Kids and the Kubs,” and a Keynesian sort of competition exists. If one team gets three games behind, the captain gets to choose any player from the opposition. Lately that player has been Ed Stauffer, 76, who once pitched a season for the St. Louis Browns and is the only former major-leaguer in the club.

But Stauffer can do more than throw, and he has to. They have not let him go to the mound since he pitched shutout ball in a game last season. In 36 games last year he batted .835 and hit 30 home runs. Both figures broke club records, but none of the homers cleared the 250-foot fence. The pitching is slow, so batters must supply their own power. But, then, the fielding is not airtight. Balls hit over the infield fall to the grass like rain, and Stauffer has the North Shore Park stroke; he hits to right center, where the ball rolls and rolls.

Left field is no place for extra-base hits at the park. Out there the Kubs have 80-year-old Harry Legate, a man with the legs and arms of a 40-year-old. The Kids have 88-year-old Jim Waldie, who may possess more ability for his age than anyone on the field. He throws out runners, he bats .300 to .400, he puffs out his chest and says, “At 88 I can run the bases like a 75-year-old.”

But the wonder of wonders is Bill Davis, the batless one, who plays four

innings a game as pitcher, second baseman or catcher, and who says resoundingly, “I never drank, I never smoked, I never swore, I’m 91 years old and I can do anything.”

Like so many of the Kids and the Kubs, Bill Davis is unmistakably himself. Perhaps that is part of the secret; their individuality is a source, and symptom, of character and strength. Frank Martin, for example, has that restless air of youth about him; Irving Dinneen, a quiet intensity, very dentistlike; Ed Stauffer, bigger, more powerful than his teammates, an in-charge attitude.

Each player adds a colorful piece to the picture puzzle that is the Kids and the Kubs. John Daley, 85 and married 58 years, wears his hat askew, and his teeth sometimes not at all. Chet Bresnan is the terror of the first-base coaches, a left-handed pull hitter at 77, but the fielders know where to play him and he bats under .200. If only his wrists were a little slower; maybe when his reflexes start to go. . . . Jack Casselberry, 77, a Navy man, stepped on a land mine near Toulon in ‘44, taking shrapnel in his knees and kidneys. They call him Scrapiron. Hugo Unger, an 80-year-old Kids pitcher, looks like Honus Wagner at the plate, with his Dutch face, big hands, long arms and wide stance, and he hits home runs. But Unger’s pitches are very slow. Sixty years ago he hurt his arm playing sandlot ball by pitching too often. He says, “As a kid I didn’t know enough to quit.” And he never learned.

None of the Kids and the Kubs ever learned. Most have played ball all their lives, and as Jim Waldie says, “You lay down, you die. I believe a lot of us wouldn’t be living if we weren’t playing ball down here.”

—DAN LEVIN

Ed Stauffer, 76, on 300 letter, belts one, while George Bokorwell, 81, fails to block a grounder, and Ed Merzlof, 80, can't find the handle

PEOPLE

Argentine golf pro **Roberto de Vicenzo** won the recent PGA Seniors tournament at Port St. Lucie, Fla., collecting \$4,000 cash plus the free use of an \$11,000 American-made luxury car for a year. De Vicenzo saw the trouble with that: "They give you this big car—but no gasoline," he said. The Ford people agreed and de Vicenzo will drive, instead, a cotopact made by them in Argentina.

The Mongolian national wrestling team is touring the United States, which presents certain problems of protocol—the Mongolian national anthem, for example, ought to be played at the beginning of the meets. But even after a lengthy search the AAU could not find a recording of it anywhere in the U.S. So **Bob Gerschesky**, director of the Butler University marching band in Indianapolis, was asked to rise to the occasion and, after obtaining sheet music through the State Department, he and his men recorded the tune. To satisfy your curiosity, the Mongolian national anthem (People's Republic

version) does not sound Asiatic at all. It sounds more East European or Russian and is described as "stately, regal and pompous." Something like this: tum-de-de-dum-dah-dum. Very hummable.

♦ What is **Joe Namath** doing in a panty-hose commercial? Nobody seems to know, but there he is as big as life—at least from the thighs down—displaying Beautyrest Panty Hose on nationwide television. The camera pans up a pair of attractive legs to a female voice explains, "This commercial is going to prove to the women of America that Beautyrest Panty Hose can make *anybody's* legs look like a million dollars." Instead of cutting away to some beautiful doll, the camera keeps right on panning up to the face of Joe Namath. Apparently Namath shaved his legs for the commercial, just as he once grew a mustache and shaved it on TV for \$10,000. But if Joe really has million-dollar legs, half of that is an investment in surgery.

♦ If you're looking for a King of the Krewe of Gladiators for a Mardi Gras parade, who better than **George Blanda**, the oldest gladiator of them all? "It was one of the best times I ever had," said Blanda, after exercising the famous 46-year-old arm by throwing out miniature footballs and doulbons to the crowd. He had only one complaint, aside from the pranksters who punctured tires on the floats and delayed the start of the parade. "They kept introducing me as a placekicker, not a quarterback. Heck, I've thrown 300 interceptions."

Rosemary Davis, 21, has been technically knocked out by the Great Plains Boxing Association in her attempt to enter the Omaha Golden Gloves Tournament. "No, sir," Tournament Director



Harry Farnham reportedly responded to her application, though "no, ma'am" or even "no, ms." might have been more appropriate. "Oh, I'm disappointed but not surprised," said the 5'3" Miss Davis, who would have fought in the 110-pound class. She says she spars with her fiancé, Duane Manchester, 160 pounds, whose Golden Gloves entry was accepted. And when she is not training at a gym in the basement of the Foxhole Bar, she works at the Pink Tiger Lounge as a go-go dancer. Her trainer, veteran Boxing Coach Jimmy McKay, had more to say. "I guess I'll have to get an injunction," he fumed. "They have girl jockeys and girl basketball players and girl elevator. Where's the Legal Aid office?" Farnham was unperturbed. "Girls are for wrestling, not boxing," he ruled.

Elmer Francis Pennewell, a Pitts-ville, Md., gram fiddler, was so busy catching up with the world food shortage that he did not have enough time to check his state lottery tickets. When he did he discovered an October winning ticket worth \$50,000. He explained that he had given the ticket to a friend, Otis Donaway, "to keep track of during harvesting." Donaway eventually became curious and found the number in a lottery commission list of unclaimed prizes. So is

Pennewell happy? Not completely. All the hullabaloo has played further hob with his schedule. "I had four muskrats to skin today," he said, disconsolately. "Now they'll have to wait."

The official colors of the Minnesota Vikings are purple and white and **Fred Cox**, the Vikings' good placekicker, is a man unafraid to show his colors. His farmhouse in Delano, Minn., is painted white with purple trim. The barn is purple—with white trim.

Susie Maxwell Berning, three times the U.S. Women's Open golf titlist and the current champion, happened to arrive at the West Palm Beach airport simultaneously with a gaggle of lady fashion writers. They were all heading for the Sears LPGA tournament at Port St. Lucie, and so they shared a cab to their destination, 55 miles to the north. Along the way, one of the fashion writers asked Susie if she played golf. Susie allowed that she did play golf and the writer continued, knowledgeably, "What's your handicap?" Mrs. Berning replied that she didn't have any. "You don't have a handicap?" the writer repeated incredulously. "That's right," said Susie dryly. "I don't have a handicap." "Well," the unimpressed writer blundered on, "don't you ever keep score?"



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One thing about the signs of the times: at least you can see them!

But your carburetor's a different story.

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Too bad, too, because you can help keep that carburetor clean with STP® Gasoline Treatment.

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**TODAY,
YOU CAN'T AFFORD
A DIRTY CARBURETOR**

This country cousin is buzzin'

A small branch of mighty Maryland has the best record in the nation

In a season rife with oddity, it should surprise no one that the nation's best record (24-1) belongs to the University of Maryland-Eastern Shore. No, not plain Maryland, but its country cousin just a shaky 30-minute computer plane ride across Chesapeake Bay from Baltimore's Friendship Airport.

Recently UMES slipped into the rating scene with a 96-86 win over Howard University, its 20th straight and, at the time, the longest streak in the nation. The Hawks also lead the NCAA in scoring, averaging more than 100 points a game. But the achievement they yearn for most this year—participation in the NCAA tournament—may be denied them. "I'd like to believe we could get an at-large bid from the NCAA," says Coach John Bates, who resembles a paunchy Reggie Jackson, "but looking at it realistically, I don't think we will. I also think we belong in the Top 20."

The Hawks were ranked 20th one week, before they lost to Morgan State 72-70. Morgan's Marvin Webster, called the Human Eraser, lived up to his name, scoring 20 points, grabbing 21 rebounds and blocking six shots. UMES was indeed erased from the ratings. But Bates likes to point out that four ranked teams have lost at least five games. "The NCAA won't even watch us play," he says, "so how can it know how good we are? Since we've been granted university status what else is there to go on other than our record?"

Of that critical loss to Morgan, he adds, "I don't want to use this as an excuse, but we had spent 15 hours on a bus over the previous four days. We played in Durham Friday, in Greensboro Saturday and in D.C. on Monday."

Maryland-Eastern Shore, formerly Maryland State, enrolls a little more than a thousand students, 27% of them white. It is a branch school of the fifth-ranked Terps of College Park and a member of the three-year-old Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference. The league as a whole competes at the university level although some members, Morgan State for example, remain in the college division. The Hawks actually have dual citizenship, being members of both the NCAA and the NAIA; in the latter, they finished runner-up to Guilford in last year's tournament, and posted a 26-5 record for the season.

"I figured we would have a good team this year since everybody is back," says Bates, "and I wanted to make sure we played in some national tournament at the end of the season. I didn't want to get to the river and find no water to drink."

The Hawks are thirsty, if for no other reason than the fact that all five starters are being closely watched by pro scouts. They range from 6'2" to 6'10" and average 13, 14, 16, 17 and 18 points a game, using basically a three-guard offense.

Talvin Skinner, a four-year starter, is the most highly regarded pro prospect, and he is surely the most spirited. But Skinner is not counting on the Hawks landing an NCAA tournament berth, either, firmly believing that they are being deliberately overlooked. He recalls sitting on the bench beside Marvin Webster when the U.S. team was host to the Russians in Baltimore. "Marvin kept asking me, 'Do you think we'll get in, man, do you think we'll get in?'" says Skinner. "Finally Coach Bob Cousy called for 'Marvin' but it was Marvin Barnes of Providence he wanted. We did not get to play."

Bates thinks any of his players could score 30 points on a given night, "but we're extremely team-oriented." Of his team's chances in the NCAA's he says, "A lot of people ask me how we would do against UCLA. How has everybody else done against UCLA during the past seven years? Let us play for second place like all the others do. A reporter once pointed out that we didn't even have a press box here. My answer was we didn't play in the press box."

The school has only itself to blame for one item that contributes to its "forgotten" image, as Bates describes it. Failure to mail its 1973-74 schedule prompt-

ly to the NCAA resulted in its being omitted from the Official Collegiate Basketball Guide.

Still, as Bates would say, the Hawks do not play basketball in the Basketball Guide either.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST With 1:34 left and the score 64-41, Pitt decided to play for the final shot at Penn State. But with six seconds to go the Panthers lost the ball on a traveling violation. State inbounded to Ron Brown, who faked around Billy Knight and heeded a 30-foot jumper that went through the net as the buzzer sounded. Thus was the nation's longest winning streak ended at 22. Brown, who hit on 14 of 20 field-goal attempts and finished with 32 points, was also tenacious on defense. While the rest of the Lions played a zone, Brown guarded Knight, limiting him to 12 points. Earlier, Pitt had made 11 of 12 foul shots in the last four minutes to hold off Temple 56-49 and Penn State beat West Virginia 83-63 behind Brown's 22 points.

"There isn't much you can do when he wants to play," said Rhode Island Coach Jack Kraft of Providence's Marvin Barnes. For a while it seemed that Barnes, the country's leading rebounder, was loath to play against the Rams. But after being tardy for practice warmups, Barnes grabbed 23 rebounds and scored 23 of his 32 points in the second half as the Friars won another close one, 76-73. Kraft's postmortem: "It should be illegal for anyone to jump that high." Three nights later Barnes was the first Friar on court for warmups and had 23 points and 21 rebounds in a 112-86 win over Assumption.

"Their defense was immense," said Brown Coach Gerry Alaimo after losing an 89-72 game and a share of the Ivy League lead to Penn. Supplying much of the Quakers' outs was John Engles, who popped in 10 of 15 shots and had 22 points. Penn solidified its grip on first place by halting Yale 90-79 while Brown lost another, this one to Princeton's even more immense defense, 70-49.

About the only thing La Salle did wrong against Villanova was to show up with the wrong jerseys. Wearing borrowed shirts, the Explorers forced 27 turnovers, outrebounded the Wildcats 55-29 and won 104-66—the widest margin ever in Philly's Big Five play, which dates back to 1897. La Salle lost to Duquesne 81-63 and beat Rutgers 82-76.

After trailing Boston College 36-30 at the

Winter in Wausau...our character building season.

If you don't know the north country, let us tell you about this land where winter made its reputation.

Sure, we have our marshmallow days when the earth is plump with new snow. When it's fun to walk a logging road and read the history of the night imprinted on the trail.

But know, too, that up here, winter has its cutting edge. When the snow squeals beneath your boots and it's no time to put your tongue on the pump handle. When you can be lashed with a chill factor that freezes the tears on your cheeks and you can't really blame spring for postponing its trip north.

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half, St. John's came out shooting and was on target with 79% of its attempts, winning 80-72. Leading the revenge was Glen Williams, a freshman from the Virgin Islands, who sank seven shots in a row. Then, with Mel Utley cutting 23 points, the Red-men downed Seton Hall 68-53. Massachusetts humiliated Maine 108-38 to win the Yankee Conference title, as the Black Bears made only 19% of their shots.

"The lights are so bright here that I had trouble shooting," said Dennis DuVal of Syracuse after an 80-60 win at Niagara. "I took one shot that went over the backboard." Once accustomed to the lights, DuVal scored 22 points. The Orange also held off George Washington 80-79.

Two other hotshots were Los Hollerbach of Bridgeport and Ernie Farange of New Hampshire. Without realizing it, Hollerbach had eclipsed the NCAA record for consecutive field goals when his 21st straight shot broke the mark held by Notre Dame's John Shumate. In a 72-69 loss to Iowa, he made it 22 before finally missing. As for Farange, he hurled one of those half-court desperation shots in the last two seconds—and in it went to sap Holy Cross 48-67.

1. PITTSBURGH (23-3) 2. PROVIDENCE (23-3)

SOUTH When North Carolina State Coach Norm Sloan learned his team had taken over the No. 1 spot in the polls last week he wondered "if it would be detrimental or positive." His Wolfpack then went out and accentuated the positive, crunching Duke 113-87 with David Thompson getting 40 points and 14 rebounds. He again excelled in an 80-75 win over Clemson, scoring 14 of State's last 20 points and 35 in all. Thompson's final basket, which came with the Pack ahead 76-75, was a work of art. After teammate Moe Rivers had missed a layup, Thompson rebounded, flipped back out to Rivers, then took a sharp pass under the basket and sank a twisting reverse layup.

Bobby Jones poured in 47 points as North Carolina topped Miami of Ohio 83-69 and Virginia 94-61. And Len Elmore had 48 as Maryland downed Dequette 98-72 and Duke 64-61.

Tennessee Coach Rhy Mears altered his defense while trying to make it look like the same 1-3-1 zone Vanderbilt had penetrated so easily while beating the Vols a month before. Offensively, Mears sought to exploit a flaw he said he detected in the Vandy zone in front of the basket. When it came time to execute, the Vols did: they shut off the Commodores' shooting room in the corners and, with Ernie Grunfeld taking close-in pot shots and scoring 23 points, the Vols stunned the Commodores 59-53. That left Vanderbilt, which had beaten Auburn 89-79, in a tie for the

Southeastern Conference lead with Alabama. The Crimson Tide scored heavily to win twice, defeating LSU 99-87 and giving Kentucky its most humbling home loss since 1926, 94-71.

South Carolina took care of Virginia Tech 82-71, but Jacksonville, after topping Stetson 71-62, had as hopes for a tournament bid deflated by Furman 71-61. Florida State boosted its NIT chances by running away from South Alabama 105-63.

1. NC. STATE (23-1) 2. MARYLAND (19-4)

WEST With the score 65-65, New Mexico Coach Norm Ellenberger called time-out. Explaining his last-gasp strategy against Colorado State, he later said: "I did a little chalk work. Then I thought, 'What good is chalk with six seconds left?' My parting words were, 'Somebody shoot before six seconds tick off.' " So Pat King, who had not scored a field goal all night, complied and sank a jumper that gave the Lobos victory. Next night they defeated Wyoming 78-67 to earn a tie for the Western AC lead. Sharing the top spot was Arizona, which whopped Brigham Young 118-90, and set a WAC scoring mark by inundating Utah 122-92. A game behind the leaders were two-time winner Arizona State and Texas-El Paso. The Sun Devils overcame a 40-24 deficit to stop Utah 72-68 and downed BYU 100-77. The Minors also fought their way back from a 15-point disadvantage to defeat Wyoming 77-74 in overtime and then bounced Colorado State 58-46.

"We had intensity, something that's been lacking for a long time," said Coach John Wooden after UCLA resurrected itself by demolishing Washington State 93-68 and Washington 99-65. Keith Wilkes pumped in 31 points in the latter contest and Ralph Drollinger, the 7'1" fill-in for Bill Walton, was superb in both games when the redhead was in foul trouble or ressed his knees. USC edged closer to the March 9 showdown against the Bruins for Pacific Eight honors. The Trojans beat Washington 79-64 and Washington State 86-59 as Guard Gus Williams established a new Southern Cal high for assists by raising his total for the season to 123.

San Francisco clunged at least a tie for the West Coast AC title by beating Loyola 76-60 and Pepperdine 68-55 while Seattle took to Nevada-Reno 84-72 and Nevada-Las Vegas 85-75. Long Beach State won the Pacific Coast AC championship by blasting Cal State-Los Angeles 95-68 and Santa Barbara 98-61. Deadlocked atop the Big Sky Conference were Montana and Idaho State. The Grizzlies beat Utah 73-58 and, with Ken McKenzie getting the last two of his 28 points in the final second, stopped Boise State 58-56. Idaho State's Bengals regrouped by narrow-

ly squeezing past Montana State 75-72. Creighton, on the road as usual, beat California 81-52 and Hawaii 63-59 before losing a rematch to the Rainbows 61-60.

1. UCLA (20-2) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (22-2)

MIDWEST Trailing Indiana (see p. 4) by one game in the Big Ten, Michigan sank 19 of its first 21 shots en route to a 111-84 victory over Purdue. Mike Robinson's three-point play with four seconds left made Michigan State a 73-70 winner over Northwestern. Some notable losing streaks ended: Illinois got past Iowa 91-84 to snap its longest ever at 11 games; and Wisconsin topped Ohio State 68-56 for its first conference road win in 15 tries and its first at Columbus since 1954.

With John Shumate scoring up for 51 points and putting down 23 rebounds, Notre Dame whopped Western Michigan 85-68 and West Virginia 108-80. Although playing only 29 minutes against the Mountaineers, Adrian Danley grabbed 12 rebounds, had five steals and 41 points.

Another independent, Marquette, beat Manhattan 73-59 and Detroit 61-53. Memphis State, however, lost to Drake 95-80 and to Bradley 94-81. And Cincinnati, after clipping Xavier 68-56, lost to Davidson 67-62.

Few people listened a short while ago when Texas Coach Leon Black insisted that Texas Tech had not yet sewed up the Southwest Conference title—it had only a two-game lead over its Longhorns. Now many more are listening, for Texas upended Tech 75-74 and Texas A&M 88-81. Larry Robinson of the Longhorns had 30 points against Tech and 34 against the Aggies. And Harry Larabee doubled his 13-point average with 26 in the A&M game. Said Aggie Coach Shelby Metcalf of Larabee: "He's the smartest player in the conference. From the shoulders up, he's an All-American."

Kansas State, which used a man-to-man defense against Oklahoma when it lost its only Big Eight contest, resorted to a 2-1-2 zone and full-court press this time and came away with a 90-67 win. That kept the Wildcats half a game up on Kansas, which also routed up the Sooners, 98-90.

Ohio 11 availed itself of at least a tie for the Mid-American title when it squeaked past Central Michigan 79-78 in overtime. One game back were Toledo, which routed Miami of Ohio 81-68, and Bowling Green, which beat Western Michigan 68-63.

Louisville and Bradley knocked off St. Louis by scores of 93-85 and 92-80 respectively. For sheer scoring power, nobody surpassed Illinois State, which gobbled up Northern Illinois 139-93. Robert (Bubbles) Hawkins erased Doug Collins' Redbird record by one as he poured in 58 points.

1. NOTRE DAME (22-1) 2. MARQUETTE (21-3)

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



© 1973 W. J. Reithold Tobacco Co.



In this picture, everybody has a gimmick. . . almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. No way. He's Gerry Alno, over-the-hill hippie. Irons his hair twice daily. Cigarettes taste just as flat. Gimmick: Watching bowling pins "do their own thing, men." 2. Naomi Glowson Gimmick. Uses so much body english that police have raided the place four times. 3. Nope. It's Ange "The Arm" Kugelman.

Throws so hard three automatic pin-setting machines have quit. Smokes cigarettes so heavily filtered, he's like a man giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a rock. 4. Right. He just likes bowling, not gimmicks. Likes his cigarette honest and no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. 5. Zooty Smith. Gimmick: Has worn same good luck clothes since he broke 125 in 1942. Smokes war surplus cigarettes and saves the tin foil. 6. Whiz Kid Pringle. Developed math formula to bowl a perfect strike. Unfortunately releases ball on backswing.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report SEPT. 73.



Toyota introduces ESP.

A warning system that helps keep minor problems from becoming major expenses.

Take a close look at the Electro Sensor Panel pictured here. We call it ESP. And you've never seen anything like it before. That's because no other car has it. It's that new.

Toyota created ESP to monitor 11 key service areas. If just one of them needs attention, ESP pops a light on to let you know. Before you find out the hard way.

ESP works constantly when the car is running. And it gives you advance warning. That means you can correct your problem before it becomes critical.

ESP is standard equipment on the Corona Hardtops. It's a built-in feature located above the driver. To check the system, turn the key, and ESP lights up momentarily to show you that it's working.

We designed ESP to save you both time and money. But there's more. We feel that ESP takes a lot of the worry out of caring for a car. And to us, that's important. A real innovation. But then, that's what you'd expect from Toyota.



ESP monitors 11 key service areas while you're driving.



ESP is a built-in feature located above the driver.

TOYOTA

Small car specialists for 40 years.

ESP may be in limited supply in your area.

It's as if John-Boy himself had come down from Walton's Mountain, leaving his books and journal behind, to run the mile indoors like no man ever has. His stride is too long and his elbows flap, but with unexpected suddenness and remarkable ease Tony Waldrop has become America's best indoor miler.

As the University of North Carolina senior prepared for the Atlantic Coast Conference championships last Saturday night, a string of amazing performances—and a long line of bewildered competitors—trailed behind him. In one month he had crisscrossed the continent and run sub-four-minute miles in Richmond, New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and San Diego. Five of them in one month, when no one else had ever accomplished four in one season. His times broke meet records held by Tom O'Hara, Marty Liquori, Kip Keino, Jim Beatty and Jim Ryan. A week ago last Sunday in San Diego he ran 3:55 to shatter O'Hara's 10-year-old indoor world record of 3:56.4, which Ryan equaled in 1971. He did all this against fields that included such runners as Liquori, Dave Wottle and Steve Prefontaine. "I ran a perfect race and he ran a better one," Liquori said at the Millrose Games. Three days later, beaten again by Waldrop in Philadelphia, Liquori said, "I think I'm running him wrong."

Along the way, however, Waldrop became aware of changes in his own life, alterations that were not for the better. He thought he was losing touch with the things that really mattered to him. "I haven't read a good novel lately or gone to a campus play or a concert," he said early last week. "I've really fallen behind in the journal I keep about the things I see around me. The travel, the attention and the pressure to do well have made me very tired. I'm not ready to run Saturday at all."

None of this was what Waldrop intended when he left his hometown of Columbus in mountainous western North Carolina to attend college on an academic scholarship. He had been a good high school runner in the half mile and mile, drawing the interest of half a dozen college recruiters, but he was more inclined to academic pursuits. His visions went beyond Polk County, where generations of Waldrops had lived out their lives. His parents had once picked cotton, now his father commutes from Columbus to a nearby Firestone plant across the state

He'd prefer a good book

Tony Waldrop, student of Dostoevsky, world-record holder, runner of six sub-four-minute miles, is not yet impressed by his remarkable success

line in Spartanburg, S.C., and his mother is a receptionist in an optometrist's office. "They'd like me to move to Spartanburg," Hunter Waldrop said recently as a CBS camera crew interviewed Tony in the family's front yard, "but I can't think of a better place than right here where my family has always been." Danny, the oldest of three brothers, is in medical school. Neal, the youngest, stayed home after high school, learning, like his father, to mechanical interests. Neal races and repairs motorcycles for a Honda dealer and the trophies he has brought home are as proudly displayed in the family's living room as any of Tony's medals.

"I'd rather have Tony as Tony than anything else," his father says. "I can't see why anyone would get out there and work the way he has at anything like track, but he has and we're proud of him."

"I tell you what I'm more proud of than anything else," his mother said as she sat on the front-porch steps. "Whenever he and his brothers are together they act like three long-lost friends. Now that's really something to be proud of."

Tony's roommate and teammate at North Carolina, Mike Garcia, shares Waldrop's fondness for the historical rooms of Wilson Library and for the small town of Bynum near Chapel Hill, which has been bypassed by time and change. "We wanted to do a book about it," Garcia says. "We would go over in the afternoons and I would take pictures and Tony would make notes to write about what we saw."

While Garcia joins these expeditions into a simpler, easier-to-understand past, he is perplexed by Waldrop's reaction to his success. "It's affected other people more than it has him," Garcia says. "As far as he's concerned the records have just happened. He just wants to travel around and meet people and have a good time. He feels you can be a success just by running to the best of your ability and understanding what is happening on the

track. But what I can't understand is—well, he's done more than that. He's won and he's set records, yet to him it's no big deal. After San Diego he told me it wasn't as exciting as he thought it could be. I wonder what it takes to turn him on?"

Whatever it takes, it has not happened yet. "I'm not convinced that I'm really as good as it may seem," Waldrop says. "Tass may just be temporary. I'm not that confident about my ability yet because I know there are guys who can beat me. Maybe if this had happened in the outdoor season, where the competition is greater and the runners are at their best, it would mean more. I know that right

continued



WALDROP: CAN HE DO 3:40 OUTDOORS?



SO MUCH HAS BEEN HAPPENING SO FAST

now I just haven't felt the impact. Maybe someday I'll look back and it will mean a lot to me. I'll think it was nice, but not yet."

The man who comes closest to understanding Waldrop is his coach, Joe Hilton. "The kid doesn't realize how good he is," Hilton says. "He doesn't know yet what is customary for him, and how much better he can be. It comes a whole lot easier to him than to other people and he's still very much within his capacity. I said he would run a 3:55 indoors and he did, not because we trained him for it or because we planned it, but because I knew that's how good he could be. If he stays with it after graduation he'll be under 3:50 outdoors someday and I hope he'll be the first. It won't come this year because it's too soon, but he'll do well outdoors and later on he'll be considered the greatest, like I always said he would."

Waldrop pays little attention to such talk. "Coach exaggerates some," he says. "He was lucky that one time about the 3:55 and I guess he thinks he can do it again."

Waldrop speaks little of his own goals. "I don't want to seem like a braggart," he says. "Mostly I just want to go out and do the best I can and have fun while I'm at it. That's why I could never be a professional or run in the Olympics. Pro track is too much like a job and the strain and pressure of the Olympics would take away the enjoyment of competing." Waldrop's ambition used to be a "3:55 something" but it was a time that he thought would come outdoors. "Now so much has happened so fast I haven't had time to think of any new goals."

Any reevaluation must take note of his accomplishments of the past year and a half. Last season he was an All-American in cross-country, the NCAA indoor champion at 1,000 yards and runner-up to Wottle in the NCAA outdoor mile. His second-place time of 3:57.3 was better than the previous NCAA record held by Liguori. That mile was one of the few that Waldrop ran before this year. "When he got here as a freshman the first thing he did was ask me if he could continue to run the half," Hilton says. "but I saw him as a miler. I didn't push him but I won't say I didn't water at the mouth a little bit. You can talk your fool head off about something like that but it doesn't make a bit of difference if he doesn't want to do it himself."

After such encouraging results as the 3:57.3 behind Wottle, Waldrop told Hilton that he would like to concentrate on the mile this season. "He still had a lot to learn," says Hilton. "He was going out and running as fast as he could as long as he could. He was aware of it, too. I remember one day he came up to me and said, 'These fellows are running a little differently than I do, aren't they?'"

Waldrop's commitment to the mile is unlike that of most other top runners. Where a Liguori might run 100 miles per week, Waldrop will do half that, all in the afternoon. "I doubt I'd get along with a real demanding coach," Waldrop says. "I know I don't put in as much work as a lot of runners, but what I do seems right for me. Coach Hilton understands me and lets me choose my own style. I appreciate that."

The other strong influence in Waldrop's running career has been Dr. George Vosburgh, a general practitioner in Polk County. Dr. Vosburgh has encouraged Waldrop's track ambitions ever since the day he coaxed Tony out of a hiding place in the high school li-

brary and took him to a sectional qualifying meet. The doctor has been watching Tony for eight years now, jotting in his battered notebook such performances as the first big meet Waldrop ever won, the state high school mile championship his sophomore year. "Tony ran that one with his shoelaces untied," Dr. Vosburgh recalls. "I remember telling him, 'Some Eagle Scout you are, you can't even tie your own shoes.'"

Dr. Vosburgh was at Cole Field House in College Park, Md. Saturday night, sitting high above the finish line with a stopwatch in his palm, even though indications were that there might not be anything spectacular to clock. "The string of sub-fours will probably come to an end this week," Tony had said matter-of-factly on Thursday. "When it does, everyone is going to say 'What happened?' like they expect me to do it every time. I don't expect myself to, so why should they? That's what I mean by pressure."

"A string like this has to end sometime," Hilton told him. "When it does it will be someone else's disappointment, Tony, not yours. You've got too many good things to look back on already."

When the entries for the mile were announced it appeared even less likely that Waldrop would do well. Duke's defending champion and record-holder, Bob Wheeler, was out with an injury, and two others who might have quickened the pace were in the two-mile instead.

"He's only got one chance in a hundred," said Hilton. But Waldrop, far ahead of the field, passed the three-quarters in three minutes flat, and when he crossed the finish line it was obvious that he had run another sub-four-minute mile. When the time was announced at 3:56.4, equalling the previous world record, the crowd let out a roar.

Waldrop said to Hilton, "I'm so damn tired" but when the coach told him the second-place finisher was a freshman teammate who came in at 4:09, Waldrop leaped up and shouted in exaltation.

In Waldrop's dormitory room there is a wall-sized poster decorated with drawings, graffiti and such. On it Waldrop has inscribed a quote from *The Brothers Karamazov*: "And even if we are occupied with important things, even if we attain honor or fall into misfortune—still let us remember how good it was once here, when we were all together, united by a good and kind feeling which made us ... better perhaps than we are." **END**

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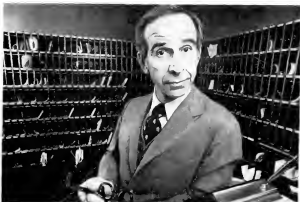
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Big fish in a pool that's too small

As a two-time U.S. Open champion at 14, Jean Balukas seemed to have run out of competition, but in the first world tournament for women she was lured into lapses and a Japanese made an unexpected splash

Somewhere out there in Brooklyn, that New York fastness seldom visited by tourists or anybody else, there is a public high school called Fort Hamilton that for the past two years has won the 'New York City Girls' Basketball Championship. This year Fort Hamilton has a freshman guard, a lean, lanky, poker-faced girl named Jean Balukas, who may help the school win a third title. She may not, either—for the last couple of weeks Jean has been busy elsewhere and has missed a lot of practices. It wasn't exactly time wasted.

In 17 days of action at Hollywood's American Legion Post No. 43 Auditorium, 14-year-old Jean Balukas proved she is the champion woman pool shooter of everywhere in the whole world except for the holy city of Kyoto, Japan.

She also won \$1,000, which did not quite pay for her trip and may cause problems with her amateur status at Fort Hamilton. If she had not made one error—a safety that didn't prove safe at all—Balukas might have been the champion in Kyoto, too, and she would have won \$2,000.

The mysterious, often hidden, sport of pocket billiards is presided over by such exotic figures as Lou Butera, Irving Crane, Wimpy Lassiter, Jersey Red Brent, Joe Balsis, Ray Martin and Cisero Murphy. Balukas is not quite a full-fledged member of this pantheon—no woman thus far is—but she has had modest hopes. "I guess I'll never be able to beat guys like Lassiter and Crane," she says, "but maybe I'll get good enough to at least play 'em."

Until the very last day of the First Women's World Championship, Jean Balukas was undefeated—no great surprise, since she has been the U.S. Open champion for the last two years. The only other unbeaten player was Mucko Harada, a highly scrutable Japanese professional who has held her country's title since 1968. Balukas was scheduled to play Harada that sad Sunday night in what everybody attending the tournament was certain would be a confrontation of flawless records. But Jean had a match to make up on Sunday afternoon with Marcia Girolamo, a 21-year-old graduate of the State University of New York at Oswego, who last spring captured her second national college championship in three years.

At that point Balukas might have pro-

continued

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ited from hearing the oldest cliché in sport—just play them one at a time. Girolamo, whose record in the tournament was 6-3 and who therefore had nothing to lose (nor win), upset Balukas 75-52. (Women play to 75 points in 14-1 pocket billiards, otherwise known as straight pool; men play to 150, and on the men's side in the Hollywood tournament two players already had run out games in which their opponents never got to pick up their cues after the initial lags.)

That night the musty old Legion hall, with its familiar flags and its aura of days long gone, was nearly full, and despite competition from Lassiter, Balsis, Butera and Alan Hopkins, many of the spectators ranged around table No. 4 to see if Jean Balukas could pull it out. Harada now stood 10-0, Balukas 9-1. A victory for Balukas would necessitate a playoff. Harada had only to win the one match. Although Albert Balukas, proprietor of the Ovington Cue Lounge in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge, had declared earlier that

"there is absolutely no problem for Jean in beating Harada," his daughter stalked the table with the wariness of a panther.

As it turned out, Albert Balukas was right. After the usual safeties to get clear of the rack (a "safety" in pool is a soft shot designed to put your opponent in worse position than you), Harada tried for a pocket and missed. Balukas promptly ran out the rack. She played safe, Harada missed and Balukas again cleared the table. Score: 28-0. Although Harada rallied after that, she was not able to put together a consistent run, whereas Balukas was steady if not brilliant. With the score 64-41, Balukas ran seven, missed and then ran out when Harada's safety was not really safe. Final standing: both 10-1.

The women sat down to wait for the remaining men's matches to end, and most of the spectators probably would have stayed for the playoff if Promoter Fred Whalen, who was in the process of losing \$25,000 on the tournament, had

not cleared the hall and demanded an additional \$2 to witness the championship. About 100 spectators came back. During the intermission Harada received intensive coaching from Kazuo Fujima, the men's champion of Japan. Balukas slumped in a chair beside her father, her expression bleak, her face pale with the strain of the daylong struggle.

As they often are, the playoff was anticlimactic. At first, however, it was promising. After half a dozen innings Harada blew a safety and Balukas ran 14, one shot a dazzling four-ball combination out of the rack, to make the score 20-6. An inning later Harada put together a run of 18 to take the lead, but Balukas countered with a run of 15 to move out front 36-25. After Harada ran seven, Balukas lost the championship with a single shot, a safety that was poorly placed. Harada got a handle on a slightly protruding ball that she could "see," ran out the rack, the next rack and one ball besides—29 in all—to gain a vic-

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usually unsurpassable 60-36 lead. Balukas fought back tenaciously and Harada, visibly flushed with excitement by her spectacular run (Balukas' longest in the tournament was 25) became a little careless, but the margin proved to be too great. With the score 68-53, Balukas missed a last-chance combination on the three ball and Harada dropped the seven balls she needed to make the final score 75-55.

It was a tremendous win financially for Harada, who earns only \$4,000 a year in Japan despite her long incumbency as champion (Balukas recently received \$2,000 for a TV commercial). Where did the loss leave Balukas, aside from the backcourt at Fort Hamilton High? Well, a little worse off for money and badly hurt in pride, but in no way irreparably wounded. As Albert Balukas said, "This stuff is mostly just fun for Jean, and I don't really envision her having a career in billiards." Why not? Because there is no real money in it for women.

Although many deny it, the fact is that

most good male players derive the bulk of their income from side-bet play or hustling. Thus far the his-and-hers pool lounges have not proved rewarding territory for aspiring women pool hustlers. Tournaments seldom make any money and seldom pay big money—the top prize for the best male player in the world in Hollywood was \$5,000, and Promoter Whalen, a retired discount company executive, says this will be his last show unless he gets a sponsor. He has run the California meeting for six years and lost money every time. Whalen wails: "I've done it for the love of the game, but I can't go on forever."

Balukas herself is not sure she wants to continue indefinitely, either. "My father got a pool table for my brothers when I was about four years old," she says, "and I began fooling around with the game. Nobody taught me; I just picked it up, but pretty soon I could beat all my brothers. I entered the U.S. Women's Open when I was nine. I guess I won a couple of

matches. My oldest brother's a golf pro now, but I can still beat him at pool." Unlike prodigy skaters, who spend at least three or four hours a day on the ice from babyhood, Balukas plays only a game a day—usually with one of her brothers—when she is not training for a tournament. "When I have to sharpen up I go down to my father's lounge for a couple of weeks. Several guys there can beat me, but not my father. I spot him 75 points in a 100-point game."

"I've thought some about going to college and taking physical education, but now, gee, I don't know what I'm going to do." She talks of playing a few more years of pool before hanging up her cue. One of the best of the old pros, who lingered to watch her game with Harada, shook his head sadly. "Pity," he said. "Real pity. That little girl could be a great pool player if only she wasn't a little girl. No use her practicing all that hard to get that good if there's no place to make a dollar."

END



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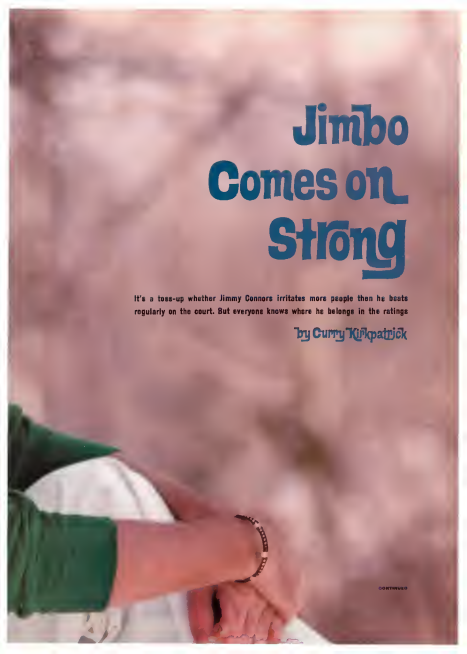
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Jimbo Comes on Strong

It's a toss-up whether Jimmy Connors irritates more people than he beats regularly on the court. But everyone knows where he belongs in the ratings

by Curry Kirkpatrick

CONTINUED

Jimmy Connors burst through the glittering party crowd, with his lollipop cheeks leading the way, his Raggedy Andy hair flopping behind. Up the stairs of the large hall, he hurried toward the lectern. Connors was late, and the audience of Junior League women and their moneyed men had nearly finished off the bar while waiting. Maybe 300 of them, waiting for Jimmy. At the sight of the guest they clapped, a warm, resounding applause that grew and grew; they even cheered, and one woman broke from the mass and rushed Connors, embracing him in a smothering of affection.

The interruption over, Connors began talking. He was sorry to be late, he said. There had been some snow and airplane delays, but anyway the weather here was beautiful as usual and so were the people. He was happy to be back, Connors said, where he had so many friends and had been successful in the past. The tournament would run smoothly. The match-

es would be terrific. He hoped he would do well again, he said. Then, glancing to the side where the rest of the players stood assembled more like lackeys than adversaries, Connors caught himself. Suddenly he realized that something had been left out, some feelings twinged. Even as good speakers do in recovery, he had to stagger to the end. "Uh, all the players are here," he said. (Glance sideways, look front.) "... Uh, yes. You don't have to root for me. You can root for anybody. Yes... I don't care."

Abruptly he stepped down and was gone, escaping the incongruity of the moment. He accepted keys to the city from the mayor, hugged all the hostesses and walked off to the radio and TV interviews. Then Jimmy Connors went out and won another tennis tournament.

The parties are bigger than the tournaments these days for James Scott (Jimbo) Connors of Belleville, Ill., Beverly Hills and the jingle jungle world of tennis intrigue. His appearances on court—like his speeches—are both polished and awkward, the result of a curious odyssey Connors is taking through railroad towns, cow pasture capitals and assorted laid-back locales on the quaint indoor circuit of the USLTA. He is the indisputable king of this road. But it is hardly a major thoroughfare any longer, more like a detour that circles endlessly and

winds up only on the outskirts of big-time tennis.

Sometimes it appears that Connors, who has chosen this course instead of Lamar Hunt's WCT circuit where most of the best tennis players are, is himself embarrassed at the shell game. He is alternately self-conscious, defensive, wary and cynical about the value of his palooka tour. If it is not entirely accurate to call the undertaking a bum-of-the-night series, it is close enough. Deep inside, Connors has got to know this. Where is the true test of his mettle? Why this misuse of undeniable talent?

True, all the right people are out there, all the proper money and the local connections; even in the bushes, tennis is as overly charged with high society as it ever was. But somehow Jimmy Connors playing Roanoke, Omaha and Paramus conjures up Brando making another *Bedtime Story*, Mailer hustling another *Marilyn*. Connors is exposing only so much of himself; he is hiding the rest.

Already a master craftsman, Connors is, above all, mentally tough, an artist who has thoroughly studied tennis and knows full well what he can do and how far he can go. More important, because he knows what he will do—"I will be the best," he says—his way of going about it is what remains so bizarre.

This is a young man who, in the space of but a few years, has pulled himself up from strong Midwestern roots and changed not only his life-style but his life. He has dropped out of college and traveled the globe. He has been called nothing less than "a pawn in an international power struggle" and nothing more than "a small-time, cocky punk." He has won the hand of America's Darling yet refused to raise a racket for his country.

With the face of a Campbell's soup kid, puckish charm and a promise rarely paralleled in sport, Connors should have the universe at his call. Yet admirers among his own coterie are nonlegion. Tom Okker says that if a man is looking for a dinner partner, "the kid," as Connors is known, isn't exactly the first one who comes to mind. "A child," Okker calls him. Arthur Ashe declares that when someone is immature he cannot handle success. Rod Laver says Connors "probably thinks he's the next best thing to 7-Up." A Dutchman, an American, an Aussie; dislike of Jimbo knows no geographical bounds.

On his private tour Connors portrays



Belleville is no longer Connors' favorite place in the world, though he visits his parents often.



Old Pancho Segura became Connors' guru.

the role of loner in grand style. He stays in different hotels from the others. He doesn't eat with them. He seldom sits with them. He doesn't even play doubles.

Notwithstanding how far he has come and the short time it has taken, Jimmy Connors suddenly has become more famous for not playing his game than he ever has been for playing it. He remains a will-o'-the-wisp in tennis, neither here nor there nor anywhere. Except always near the top. Free, white, 21, staunch Catholic and left-handed, double-fisted backhand, he is just about this close to being the finest tennis player in the world. Yet who is Jimmy Connors? He is Chris Evert's fiancé, that's who.

Perhaps this is one measure of the women's movement. Surely it is the ultimate denouement of tennis' linkup with women and cigarette merchandising and storybook romances that Connors is better known for his relationship with Evert than for his own accomplishments—which happen to exceed Evert's by a good margin. Further, it is a judgment on the game itself that tennis, with all its latter-day leaps and bounds in public acceptance, has not caught up to sports like baseball or golf where Vlade Blue and Ben Crenshaw, both so young and fresh and wonderful, can become all the rage in a matter of hours. Blue has not earned \$130,000 in a year, and Crenshaw has not been ranked No. 1 in his sport—and al-

ready Connors has done both. Still, Jimmy Connors needed Evert before anybody knew who he was. Though the beloved Chrissie's pony-tailed shadow lingers, Jimbo is catching up; last year she outearned him by only 12 grand.

"I guess Longwood and the Pacific Southwest showed 'em," Connors said recently, chuckling but practically spitting out the words. "I won't have to take that 'Chrissie's boyfriend' crud anymore."

But he does have to. Because Longwood, where last July he became the youngest winner of the U.S. Pro championship, defeating Stan Smith, Ray Moore, Dick Stockton, Cliff Richey and Ashe, and the Pacific Southwest in Los Angeles, where he beat Smith again, plus Okker for the championship, are not Wimbledon and Forest Hills. To make it, a tennis player has to do it there. In the two big ones Connors so far has been only a good quarterfinalist.

Connors' insistence upon working the minor league indoor trail—the Schick Tennis Classic—as a favor to his manager, agent and close friend, Bill Riordan, who is the founder and executive director of the tour, has not only limited his accessibility to a newly aware public but sometimes offended that public as well. While certainly a worthy and rewarding experience for virgin youth on the way up, the Riordan circuit is no place to be somebody; no place for Connors anymore. Even his best friend among the players, Ilie Nastase, who carried the tour as a Riordan client before Connors joined, has now left the fold to play WCT. "Jimmy should come, too," says Nastase. "It is time."

There is an air of tragicomedy about Connors' emergence as an *enfant terrible* during this flaming period of the game's alphabet wars. Disputes among the ILTF and WCT and ATP and USLTA and WTT daily inspire clouds of boredom. But at the heart of the turmoil lies Connors' public image, if not his very career.

Riordan, the mentor, has long been locked in mortal combat with the axis powers of Hunt, Jack Kramer and Donald Dell, whom he groups together as "piranhas with dreams of grandeur to control international tennis." Hunt's WCT has made off with the cream of Riordan's tour that he started from scratch with the National Indoors in

Salisbury, Md. Kramer is the director of ATP, the players association, a body in direct conflict with the Riordan-led independents. Dell is the agent of a vast majority of players, counsel for ATPand, though no longer captain of the Davis Cup squad, the acknowledged honcho in *absentia* of that operation as well.

Wrangling among these groups is rife with irrational ravings, shoddy maneuvering, lies and plain stupidity. Conflicts of interest abound. Riordan claims he takes no money for advising Connors, yet his management of both the tour and its meal ticket is akin to running for election and counting the votes, too. He counters with: "Dennis Ralston is under contract to Dell. He talks about patriotism and that Jimmy Connors doesn't play Davis Cup for his country. Yet here he is on the USLTA payroll and he boycotts Wimbledon for ATP while Connors plays. What gall! It's obvious where his loyalties are. Ralston should be summarily fired."

Connors has disassociated himself from ATP as well as from WCT but he denies the rumor that clauses in his contract with Riordan forbid him from joining either body. "I can do anything I want and play anywhere," he says. "WCT's policy of being committed to 11 tournaments is too much. That's not the way I was brought up. I was taught not to play myself into the ground and I don't want to burn out at 25. I play all these so-called 'best' guys five months of the year as it is. I figure I'm one of them."

"What happens if I go WCT and lose in the first round a couple of times? That's two matches in two weeks, too much rest. And no money. I can pick and choose my spots on Riordan's tour, then be rested for Europe and the big summer events. My definition of best is Wimbledon and Forest Hills. Play there and see who wins and he's the champion. I'm young. Time is on my side. I can wait and do one more year of this. Then maybe I'll go along with the others. Then all those guys mouthing off better watch out."

Riordan's directing Connors away from Davis Cup play has been a more serious matter. Again, it is partly an outgrowth of the Dell-Riordan rift, but it had its origins two years ago when Riordan and Jimmy's mother Gloria opted for Connors staying in England to practice for Wimbledon on grass rather than joining the Davis Cup team in Mexico.

Prior to that Connors had experienced

continued



When Bill Riordan talks, Connors listens.

hard, sad times with the team. In 1971 he was a practice sub when the U.S. defeated Rumania at Charlotte, N.C. After a successful indoor tour the following winter, he traveled with the team for its first match, against Jamaica, in March 1972, and found himself on the bench while Eric van Dillen and Tom Gorman, both of whom had nowhere near his record on the indoor circuit, played the singles. While he was in the West Indies, Connors' grandmother, his cherished "Two-Mom" with whom he had shared all his athletic glories, died unexpectedly in Los Angeles. Emotionally crushed, Connors left the team and took a plane home. To this day he has not rejoined the Davis Cup team.

Riordan, whose father was a manager of prizefighters and who himself owned a piece of a heavyweight, sums up Connors' rift with Ralston by saying, "Ralston knows Connors doesn't make a move without me. My guy will never play on a team run by Woods [B. Harcourt Woods of the USLTA] and Dell and coached by Ralston."

It is not certain that every time Connors opens his mouth what comes out is Riordan's words, but frequently that appears to be the case. However, Connors speaks for himself when he discusses his own angry reactions to being ranked U.S. co-No. 1 in 1973 (with Stan Smith) by the USLTA instead of being alone at the top.

"I thought rankings depended on who won more head-to-head matches when two players were close," he says. "Stan had a great first half year, but so did I. My second half was super and Stan played badly. Head-to-head, I beat him three out of three. Figure it out!" (Actually, the USLTA committee vote was based on a rating period in which Connors stood 2-1 against Smith and did not include his dramatic tie-break victory during the December Grand Prix Masters in Boston.)

"I've heard they even held up the announcement to see if Stan would beat me at the Masters so they could rank him No. 1 alone," says Connors bitterly. (He heard that from Riordan.) "If the scores were reversed and he had been 3-0 against me for the year, you think I would have had a shot at co-No. 1?" Riordan, with his usual restraint, called the ranking an "immoral, unethical fraud."

Nobody had ever accused Stan Smith of being anything less than a paragon of Christianity; he is about as hostile as Perry Como. But Smith's normally easy manner turns cold when he discusses Connors. "Jimmy didn't meet me when I was playing well at the beginning of the year," Smith says. "He does things that annoy a lot of the guys. I don't think any players are losing sleep over him not being on the best tour."

Obviously, Connors has been a source of torment for Smith, who has lost four of seven matches to him, all told. Observers swear Smith had to check tears following his loss to Connors in Los Angeles 2½ years ago. After his Masters defeat in December when he blew two match points, Smith stalked from the court, dispensing with the traditional practice of waiting to walk off with the opponent. "There were three billion people standing around him," Smith snapped. "I decided I wasn't waiting any longer."

"I'm getting tired of saying hello to Stan Smith and not getting any reply," says Connors. "I'm cocky and confident and maybe I'm too bullheaded some-

times, but I think I have some humility. I know what the others say, but I'm not that obnoxious. I am not a punk. I'm 5-10, 155 pounds. I've got broad shoulders and I can pack a punch. Most of these guys are windbags anyway. If they ever try anything with me, I'll be over the net fast."

This is marvelously refreshing stuff for a staid old game like tennis to have thrown up in its face, but Jimmy Connors is one of a kind. Riordan talks of his "independence of mind"; Pancho Segura, his teacher, of the "electric Irish" in him. A friend of his says he has always been the pugnacious sort, that the attitude is a family trait. It was always Two-Mom, Gloria and Jimbo against the world.

Belleville, Ill., across the river and up the bluffs from St. Louis, is Stag beer, stoves, shoes, stencil machines, asparagus, horseradish and so many door-to-door taverns that Eddie Cantor supposedly called it "the only town with a brass rail all up and down Main Street." Jimmy Connors says the best thing tennis has done for him is get him out of Belleville. Still, the old saw holds. Connors has yet to get a lot of Belleville out of him.

Even before the family moved to Belleville, Connors had become a player. One day in East St. Louis when he was two years old, either his mother, the former Gloria Thompson, or his grandmother, Bertha—both were area champions in their day—threw him a tennis ball. Whether he whacked it with two hands from the right side down the line or cross-court is not recalled, but he has been playing tennis ever since.

Brother John, a year and a half older, played, too, and the game became an obsession. Two-Mom and Gloria worked the boys hard but never too hard for Jimbo. "Maybe 45 minutes at a time, tough workouts, then rest," he says. "I loved it. They always made me stop at the 'eager' stage where I couldn't wait to start again. People have criticized my mom for trying to make me what she wasn't, but the peens don't realize this is what I've always wanted to be. Tennis is my choice, my life. I never had time for friends or anything else. I didn't even know anybody in school, I was too busy. I used to leave class every day at noon to practice tennis."

John could have been Jimbo's equal, the family insists, but he wasn't dedicat-

continued



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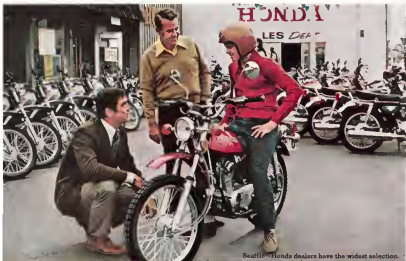


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HONDA

ed enough "You can't play tennis and chase girls, too," John says—a notion that is not likely to transform the training habits of about nine out of the average nine younger touring pros.

Connors learned his bazooka-style return of service, now and always the most effective part of his game, by practicing on the varnished floors of the old St. Louis armory. "Dances and drills made that floor mean," he says. "I had to hit the ball early, challenge every serve, pick it up and sweep at it before it could spin away."

Connors played in the national boys and juniors tournament every year beginning at age eight but won just two singles titles so he never was a true phenom—terror smoking up the newsprint. Finally it was clear he had stalled at a certain level of skill. Though Mrs. Connors had insisted she would never give Jimbo to another teacher, that became a necessity if he was to progress. For his senior year in high school she arranged to send him to California and Pancho Segura, a

friend from the old tour days. But Gloria and Two-Mom just couldn't resist going along, they lived with Jimbo for a year in Los Angeles while his father James, the manager of the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Bridge that crosses the river from Belleville to St. Louis, kept the home fires burning.

At the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, Connors studied under Segura and Pancho Gonzales. He renewed acquaintance with Segura's son, Spencer, with whom he had become friendly while playing in the national juniors. He tried to get rid of what he calls "my cornfield look" and to become a neat California guy. Most of all he learned how to volley and serve, to hit different shots and change pace, to think all over the court.

When Connors was not practicing or playing a few sets with people like Dino, Dey and Billie, the late, great singing group of celebrity sons, he would sit around a table with the Panchos and go over strategy on napkins.

"I learned the most right there," Con-

ners said recently, pointing to a large table in the club. "Segu would talk about the old days and tell stories. He'd go over situations, draw exchanges and positions and show me what percentage certain shots had of working and when to hit them. It was fascinating."

On school days Jimbo parked his Corvette out behind the Spanish-rust-styled Rexford High, the better to skip out at midmorning during "nutrition" break and drive to the club for practice. "Segu or my mother would simply sign a note the next day so I could play some more tennis." Spencer Segura, Connors' closest friend, says the one thing that set Jimbo apart was his "amazing hunger" for work.

The elder Segura introduced Connors around to all the correct people, usually announcing in his Ecuadorian splendor, "Thees ees Jeemee, the keed I beene tellin' you 'bout." Spencer dressed him in the required velvets and Guccis, took him to the Candy Store and showed him how not to spill his

continued



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drink when the tawny wonder girls drifted by. Glenna would cook, sew, do laundry and lay out his clothes in the morning. "Jimmy's mother did everything but polish his sneakers," Spencer says.

Connors says his head never was turned by such attention, nor by the dramatic change of life-style. "I never had any heroes," he says. "All the money and the celebs didn't mean anything to me. I just wanted to play tennis. Anyway, the movie stars were coming out there to see me, to play tennis with me. I must have been somebody myself. Here's Dino Martin and rich kids like that hanging around. They get new Ferraris every year, but they aren't responsible people. Never show up on time, forget their friends. Dano wanted to bet me always. He said I had no claws, that I'd never get ranked or have my picture on magazine covers. See, he had a famous father and several tons of dough and time on his hands and all the breads. Yet all he wanted to do was to play good tennis. He wanted what I had. So he bet. And if we had kept on playing for money, he probably would have owed me his life."

Connors' lifelong aversion to formal education finally caught up with him about this time, his freshman year at UCLA. He had gotten a brilliant graduate assistant to do a term paper for him and he missed most of the classes. Late in the semester, having made the sensational move of turning in a mimeographed copy of his learned theses, Connors entered the classroom. The instructor grabbed him by the shirtfront, threw him up against the wall and ordered him to address the class on the meaning of the paper.

"Dear me," was not what Connors said.

Except for a couple of music classes he attended with basketball's Bill Walton, this was the extent of Connors' academic achievements. Later he would do something Walton could not—continue a winning streak at Notre Dame. That is where Connors became the first freshman to win the NCAA tennis championship. Later still, he would drop out of UCLA, probably the only man in NCAA history to turn hardship case while wearing a Cardin turtle-neck.

By that time, however, Connors was in the process of making a name for himself. Gonzales had tried to teach him the power game but it wouldn't wash. Jim-

bo was too short, unable to sustain a big serve for long periods. So he went to Segura's plan of improvement—perfecting his natural talents of service returns, aggressive counterpunching and quickness. Learning variety. Working.

In 1970 he attracted attention with victories over Roy Emerson and Ray Moore in the Pacific Southwest tournament. He reached the finals of the Southern California Men's where he lost to Gonzales on Pancho's 42nd birthday. Riordan entered Connors in the National Indoors in Salisbury where he lost to Nastase 7-5 in the third set and proceeded to smash all his rackets to pieces.

The following year Connors won the NCAA, reached the finals of five other tournaments and peaked in September, defeating Smith, Clark Graebner, Ray Ruffels and Bob Carmichael en route to the final of the Pacific Southwest. Again, he lost to Gonzales.

Connors figured he would have made almost \$50,000 if he could have accepted prize money that season, so in January 1972, after he barely lost to Nastase at Baltimore, he called Riordan and his mother. He told them he was playing just too well to go back to school, he would have to turn pro.

Connors won the first two tournaments in which he appeared as a professional, then five more that season. He lost the Washington Indoors to Smith in five sets, a wordy match that was shunted aside by another story. Evert and Evonne Goolagong together in a tournament for the first time. Even back then, upstaged.

At his first Wimbledon, in July of 1972, Connors was dazzling both on the court and off. He upset Bob Hewitt in the first round and was the hottest player in the tournament until Nastase cooled him down. His teen affair with Evert, which had started in Queens Club the week before, never did cool. They had first met briefly two years before at a tournament in Merion, Pa. Now, however, it was magic.

The two were inseparable all over London—in the players' tea room at Wimbledon, back at the Westbury Hotel, out on the town to the Carleton Towers for roast beef, over to Annabelle's for dancing. "Did you kiss her good-night?" the press demanded.

"A stupid question," Connors non-answered.

Connors wound up the season with 75

victories, high for U.S. men. He won \$90,000 and was beaten out of the No. 2 rank in America when he lost to Gorman in the first round at Forest Hills.

During the past year he solidified a position somewhere in the forefront of our major athletic personalities. On the "mouse" indoor circuit he won every tournament he entered but three—and he defaulted in one of those. But then he stumbled around the continent in the spring and had friends saying romance had gotten to him, that he was getting too fat and happy. And he put on a bad show at Wimbledon, losing on what he called "waddling" legs to Alex Metreveli of Russia.

On his return to the U.S. in July, however, Connors positively cut a swath. After ramrodding the opposition in his marvelous week-long exhibition at Longwood, he had match point for another championship the very next week at Bretton Woods only to let it get away to Vijay Amritraj. After that he was victorious in the Buckeye, the Eastern doubles with Nastase, the Pacific Southwest and Quebec. At Forest Hills in the quarterfinals he took the rampaging eventual champion, John Newcombe, to two sudden-death tie breakers, both of which went to four-all before Newcombe won the final point. Though Connors lost in straight sets, the match had only one service break.

Connors finished the season by taking Ashe apart in the South African Open final and by defeating Smith in the Masters (only to lose to Nastase in the semis). He started the new year by straddling the field to win the Australian Open. Since last July he has played 43 matches against men on the current WCT tour and won 39 of them.

The unique style that Connors has brought to the game is most evident in the crunching ground strokes that he relentlessly slashes deep to the corners with little regard for safety or percentage. "Winning differently" is what Jack Kramer calls it. "The kid is unconventional in that he doesn't overpower anybody with serve and volley, or even quickness," Kramer says. "His counter shots, returns and passes are what beat people. It's more interesting tennis, longer rallies, more all-court, more jobs, and he runs around a lot. I think he can run all day. For too long we've had nothing but serve and volley experts. We need more ground strokers like Connors. If you

continued



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ignore the eccentricity of his two-handed shot, Jimmy could be a major influence on the American game for years."

Segura says Connors' returns are as good as anyone who ever played the game, particularly against second serve. Against everybody—even the most awesome smashers—he always takes service balls on the rise while standing inside the baseline. It is brush, gutsy stuff when the kid is in there blocking back the artillery: Connors gets away with it on remarkable timing and sometimes, it seems, sheer hubris.

Current players speak of Connors' "great second shots"—that is, the strokes he sets up with his returns. "That's his concentration," says Segura. "Jeemee got great ball sense. He knows where it's coming off the other guy's racket because he knows what he's put on the ball himself. Jeemee doesn't think; he reacts automatically."

Gonzales says Connors' weaknesses include a dislike of practice and a tendency to telegraph his lobs. "We strived to teach him deception," says the Big Cat, "and he's getting there. Only Newcombe and Nastase are better players right now, and Connors is way better than that stupid ranking."

Connors himself admits to a lack of respect for his opponents. "I'm not scared of anybody," he says. "The big hitters are easy meat. I can destroy them. It's just Nastase I can't figure out. I never know where the ball is going. Of course, neither does he."

"I've only beaten myself once," says Connors. "Against Amntray. It won't happen again. See, I'm never going to overpower people. Actually, I don't even hit it that hard. Bjorn Borg hits way harder. So I have to keep thinking. I time the ball well, everything is solid. I jerk you around, get the serve back, keep it in play. Now I can lob, dink, angle, smash-pass, get the other guy down and squish him."

Kramer says Connors has the flair of Segura, the temper of Gonzales and the "cute-pee" show of Nastase. "Nasty taught me all the stuff," says Connors, "like how to act like a fool on the court." In fact, Connors' attempts at humor sometimes appear contrived—wagging his fingers at the ball, wiggling his faney, shouting out mane remarks toward his opponent. In addition he upsets some players with his by-now familiar routine prior to service.

He has always bounced the ball many

times as well as blown on his hand to distraction. Once in London he was warned about slow play after someone counted 18 bounces before he served, but now whenever Connors gets behind his pace becomes even slower. And many opponents are persuaded that all the bouncing and blowing are aimed at annoying them.

At the Pacific Southwest a few years ago Connors bypassed other forms of rudimentary etiquette by blasting winners and clowning around during the warm-up before his match with Roy Emerson-Emmo, probably the most popular player in the game and a man who would be hard-pressed to criticize anything short of mass killing, was burning at Connors. And still is.

"He works at gamesmanship," says Ashe. "He plays to the crowd, gets cute and takes his five minutes to serve. Now we just let the serve go by and claim we weren't ready."

Connors says, "Listen, people don't understand it's like a war out there. Both guys are hot, thirsty, tired. They want a drink, a rest, anything. One little item can tick off an explosion. It's murder, the concentration. My methods are just different from others. They don't bother me; why should what I do bother them?"

Many in tennis have questioned the sincerity of the Connors-Evert match. Promoters have vied for the rights to so much as float rumors of such a pairing. But the real thing?

It is. Following their first Wimbledon together, publicity about the couple dwindled. But they have been constant companions. It is almost too heart-tugging, but simple fact, that Evert came along at a time in Connors' life when he was down and very lonely.

Having experienced female leadership if not domination most of his life, Connors had been jolted by the loss of his grandmother. He had gone through an awful streak in Europe, unable to figure the slow clay, unable to communicate much. He had called home to get his mother to London fast. Then, suddenly, there was Chris.

Back in the U.S. Chris went to Belleville for Christmas. Jimmy took an apartment for a while near the Evert home in Fort Lauderdale. The families had past connections. Mr. Evert and Mrs. Connors once played the tennis circuit together. Both fathers had attended Notre

Dame in the late 1940s. Although Jimbo's flamboyance sometimes grated on the Evert family's conservatism, they became close.

Chris, formerly the shy ice princess, is said to have "come out of her shell" under Connors' influence. She, in turn, steadies him. Connors credits Chris for calm guidance during the recent Australian Open when the crowd was ferociously against him and he was "steaming."

The Evert family at first wanted the wedding in May, even before Wimbledon, but Mrs. Connors is supposed to have said "no way anybody wins on their honeymoon." Those on the side of the groom preferred the couple wait until 1976 but, as a compromise, the marriage probably will take place in September after Forest Hills.

"I want to be where Jimmy is," Chris says. "It's stupid to put it off."

Connors agrees. "I traveled around by myself for too long," he says. "I want to have Chris there, to talk to and be with and to share."

A nation waits. Following wedlock, Evert may curtail her tournament appearances. The couple would like to play team tennis together, but Connors has already signed with the Baltimore franchise while Chris was drafted by Miami. Both are cognizant of the tandem earning power that lies ahead. Asked what he thought of Evert winning the \$25,000 first-prize purse at Boca Raton last October, Connors replied, "Hell, that's more money than I make in two weeks."

These are not the average *Newlywed Game* candidates. They picked out her 1½-carat diamond together in South Africa, having witnessed it being taken out of the ground, cut and shaped. Her gift to him was a ring and bracelet set made of gold and entwined black elephant hair.

Recently in Beverly Hills, Connors was modeling a new suit for his buddy, Spencer Segura. It was a gray one with Gilbert Roland fish-tail, open-sleeve vents, flare pockets, his name embroidered on the inside—everything done up just so by Cipriano the tailor, who made it the same way he would for all his Hollywood guys.

"Nice fit, baby," said Cipriano. "The feed's come a long way," said Spencer.

"And I'm only 21," said James Scott (Jimbo) Connors. **END**



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE COLLECTORS

Sir,

The reasons for anyone in his right mind killing a grizzly, a polar bear, a leopard, a seal, a tiger or any of the trophy animals escapes me (*Savannah Bush*, Feb. 18). These poor sportsmen certainly have strange values, too bad they can't direct those enormous sums of money to an activity that is truly worthwhile.

BICKY CRAWFORD ANDERSON
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sir:

I resent these people killing off the wildlife that belongs collectively to me and all the other people in the world. When will this elite, or "upper class" as you call them, realize that the wild areas of the world are not its private domain.

People like Mr. Klein justify their killing with such Pentagon double-talk as "studying populations" and "controlling environments." Has Mr. Klein or any other hunter studied the population of the snow leopard lately, not one but two of which adorn the museum that he calls a "trophy room"? Thank you, Mr. Jerry, for wanting "to preserve the past" for us, but I'd prefer to preserve a few living specimens for the present, and maybe even the future. (Hunters I'd be happy to relegate to the past, properly mounted and provided with glass eyes.)

I mourn for all the dead animals in the words and pictures of J. D. Reed's article, and I feel contempt for the persons responsible for driving many of them to the brink of extinction.

JOHN L. LANGE
Boulder, Colo.

Sir,

It is really a crying shame that so many people do not understand and are against this fine sport. Consider the sportsman who shells out \$3,000 to \$15,000 on a safari to bag that dream game animal, that grand-father bongo or kudu. The money paid goes to help conservation of wildlife in that nation or state.

I get sick and tired of the prejudiced anti-hunting campaigns that try to demean and destroy this great sport by acting out of sheer emotion. Master trophy hunters such as Elgin Gates, Herb Klein, Seattle's Klinebergers, Jay Mellon, C. J. McElroy and Prince Abdurrazzak Pahlavi of Iran, not to mention the millions of hunters throughout the world, will keep the sport alive. Whether you're after that 100-pound muskrat or on your first big-game hunt, you can be glad to be involved in that grandest of sports—trophy hunting.

Anyone who says hunting is easy is crazy. Have you ever tried to hold a gun steady in

the thin air while hunting sheep, or to keep going in the blazing humid heat of the jungle after bongo? You have to be in fantastic condition. Trophy hunters are true athletes.

Ed Ochsner Jr.
Seattle

TOUGH SLEDDING

Sir,

The following is taken from an article in *SI*, Feb. 7, 1972 (*It's Just Like Old Times*) by Peter Carry: "... it is unclear how much of the Celtics' eminence is due to their own prowess and how much to the incapacitation of Knick Center Willis Reed." This year (*The Sledge Was Tough*, Feb. 18) Peter Carry suggests the Celtic success in the playoffs will be directly related to the physical status of Reed, again recovering from an injury. It seems that Carry is too preoccupied with Willis Reed's knee to notice what a truly fine team the Celtics are and have been. Last year the Celtics won 68 games in capturing their second Atlantic Division title in as many years and are on their way to a third title this year. They have clearly established themselves as an NBA power, and would have done so even if Reed had played every minute of all 82 games for the last three years. As for this year's playoffs, Carry states that without Reed New York's hopes of defeating Boston are nil. I feel that New York's hopes with a healthy Reed are also nil.

RON PALOMBE
Sharpville, Pa.

Sir:

Peter Carry stated that Boston's 68-14 record of last year is the second best in NBA history. This was not true. Philadelphia's 1966-67 team posted a record of 68-13. Both teams are behind the Lakers' 69-13 record set in 1971-72.

SCOTT LIEBERMAN
Powell, Wyo.

Sir,

It is true, anytime you play Chicago, New York and Milwaukee (twice), it's going to be rough. Note, however, that between Feb. 6 and 17 the Milwaukee Bucks played Boston twice, Chicago twice, New York, Detroit and Capital. That's seven games in a row against playoff-bound teams. No other team in the league, not even Boston, has had to much that.

DON WALSER
Hartford, Wis.

Sir,

Do you realize that Mike Riordan made your cover twice in 15 months (Nov. 13, 1972 and Feb. 18, 1974)? In both cases the Bruins were playing Boston and some guy wear-

ing No. 17 for the Celtics got into the act. Now your readers think that he is the one your photographer was really shooting. I hope you will straighten this matter out when the Bruins take the championship.

DAVID LIPSTON
Silver Spring, Md.

PANTING PANTHERS

Sir,

It's about nine months realized that Pittsburgh's Panthers owned, for a few weeks, the longest winning streak in the country (*Scratch One More Pony*, Feb. 18). I am a Pitt alumna, a member of the "Band Era," when the only thing worth seeing as a Pitt sporting event was the band. Now Pitt has achieved an amazing turnaround in both football and basketball. And the band plays on.

JIM SCHAPPA
Cleveland

Sir:

Pitt's team is very much like the Miami Dolphins in their undefeated year: it has a somewhat easy schedule, a potent offense and a deceptive defense. But best of all is the intrusion of a new name in the Top Ten.

ALAN STEINBERG
Pittsburgh

UNBURG ATHLETES

Sir,

I read with dismay and disbelief the articles in your Feb. 18 issue on the 1974 Figure Skating Championships and the 1974 World Championships of Skiing.

As is true in other amateur sports in the U.S., criticism is expected and indeed welcomed by those who are involved with the particular sport. However, it is difficult enough in this country to solicit support, both morally and financially, for these two sports without receiving criticism such as you presented. Perhaps an in-depth study of the personal sacrifice and involvement of Dorothy Hamill, her relatives and friends and of the Ski Team organization might elicit enough help to present our young national athletes in a more favorable light both to your magazine and to the entire world. We shall look forward to appropriate contributions from you and your readers to reverse the trends which you have set forth.

WRIGHT HUGUS JR.
General Counsel and Director
U.S. Ski Team
Greenwich, Conn.

Sir,

Judging from Jeannette Bruce's coverage of the '74 USFSA National Championships, Dorothy Hamill's solid credentials for accom-

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Editor: GEORGE L. FLYNN

Foreword: "RED" SMITH

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16TH HOLE *continued*

sion to the title were totally negated by one less-than-spectacular performance. The fourth-best woman figure skater in the world in 1973—at the age of 16—will undoubtedly prove in the world championships at Munich this month that she does not deserve the cloak of mediocrity that Jeannette Bruce has cast around her shoulders.

RUSS BLACK

Norwalk, Conn.

LOW GRADES

Sir:

This is in regard to your article *Big Fish in a Small Pond* (Feb. 18) concerning Dave Broyles, a former University of Wyoming swimming prospect who now attends Southwest Minnesota and his statement that "the University of Wyoming coach sent somebody to talk to me. He couldn't be bothered to see me himself, and here Coach Palm drove all the way from Minnesota. I was impressed."

The real story behind Dave Broyles is that he definitely was recruited by the University of Wyoming and was even offered a scholarship to attend school here. In the late stages of recruiting, when we normally bring the athlete in for a campus visit and make personal calls at his hometown—in Dave's case, Cheyenne—we found that he simply could not qualify for participation in the Western Athletic Conference or the NCAA due to low high school grades.

The NAIA, of which Southwest Minnesota is a member, has different standards than the NCAA, thus enabling Dave to enroll and participate on the swimming team. We feel that it is unfair for Dave to give the impression that Wyoming did not bother to recruit him when we had done all we could under the circumstances.

CLIFF HORTMAN

Swimming/Water Polo Coach

Laramie, Wyo.

KUGGS ALL AROUND

Sir:

Play your competition. You have always been the essence of excellence in your sports coverage, both pictorially and journalistically. How something so good can continue to improve is amazing.

Lately, you seem to be reaching new fronts. These stories aren't "jock talk." John Fowler's evocative ecological piece three years ago is an example. Sometimes the story is reminiscent, such as the warm study of Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice, or the almost eerily beautiful story on Cool Papa Bell, certainly one of your finest presentations. And now comes Anne Dillard's *Football as a Blue Ridge Winter* (Feb. 4). The quality these stories, and others, share is a very high level of writing.

DALE NELSON

Belmont, Calif.

STILL THE ARMY

Sir,

It seems to me your magazine has an obsession to show just how awful Arnold Palmer's golf game has become in the last few years. Over and over again you actually criticize the man because he is 44 years old and is no longer able to win a tournament a week. Palmer is doing something that he dearly loves, and yet your magazine seems to be holding this against him.

BRIAN PRIDGEN

Laurelburg, N.C.

WESTWARD HO!

Sir:

Barry McDermott's article on Arizona basketball (*Blowing Coconos Flowers*, Feb. 11) is in accordance with SI's customary excellence. But Barry errs in coupling Tucson with retirement communities, shuffleboard socks, "rusted arteries" and Bingo. Tucson is no St. Pete or Sun City. Tucson's median age is lower than that of most major cities. Its population, which is made up of many who have dared to "go West," is vigorous, ambitious, glorious and predominantly young. And that is Tucson's real Cactus Flower.

FRED L. VANCE

Tucson

Sir:

Thank you for a very fine article on the University of Arizona's basketball team. The Wildcats and Coach Fred Snowden were portrayed as they are, winners. Snowden naturally wants to bring a national championship to Arizona, and that event may not be far off.

WILLIAM N. JONES

Norfolk, Va.

SUNBURSTS (CONT.)

Sir:

The walls of my 12-year-old son's room are covered with color pictures of Jets, Mets, Knicks and Rangers, all snipped lovingly from the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. When Richard received the Jan. 28 issue with the pretty bikini-clad girl on the cover, he flipped right past the cover and over all those inside color pages with no more than a cursory glance to get to the important stuff about basketball and hockey. Then came the Feb. 11 issue containing three cries of outrage from a mother, a school principal and a priest. You guessed it: Richard made a beeline for the Jan. 28 issue to get a better look at the offending pages to see what he had missed. Then he came to me for my explanation about "what was so bad."

It is no wonder that a child is bewildered by such reactions from adults to pictures of pretty girls in bathing suits. All those who might in the future consider writing such letters should think first of what adverse effects

continued

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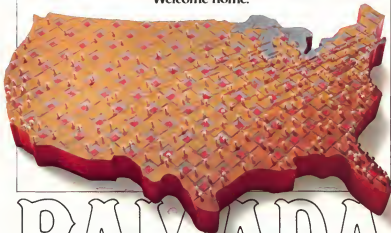
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19TH HOLE continued

their comments may have on other people's impressionable children.

ROSALIND MORRISSEY
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sir:

In this violent and aggressive world, some people complain about one of the very few nice and innocent things left on this globe—women in bathing suits. I would like to ask them if they also remove the pages on which pictures are shown of violent actions in sports like football, hockey and boxing. If you ask me, these people have the wrong idea about what is harmful to children.

HARRY DINES
The Hague, The Netherlands

Sir:

In response to the letter from two members of the female sex who argued that Cheryl Tiegs did nothing to depict or promote women in sports, I would have to strongly disagree. After viewing all the beauties in your Jan. 28 issue I have been putting in two to three miles of roadwork a day. Cheryl and friends did wonders for my sports program!

LOUISE REISE
Blacklick, Ohio

Sir:

Although I enjoy your annual bathing suit issue as much as the next guy, one of my favorite issues from year to year is the one that carries all of the letters in protest to it.

DOMINIC G. FLODY
Dayton, Ohio

SENIOR OLYMPICS

Sir:

Hooray for your break-through article on adult athletes (*Harding Life's Barriers*, Feb. 4). Bud Deacon makes a fine representative for the thousands of adults who seriously train in all sports for healthier, happier and more active lives.

We wish to correct three misconceptions, however, in regard to the International Senior Olympics Adult Athletic Program. First, Senior Olympics is not part of any organization other than its parent, Senior Sports International, Inc., a nonprofit, tax-exempt corporation. Second, the Senior Olympics five-year age groupings begin at 25 but have no upper age limits. Third, Senior Olympics competition is offered for all men and women in 35 sports, from archery through wrestling, including track and field.

WORTH D. BLANEY
General Director
Senior Olympics

Los Angeles

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